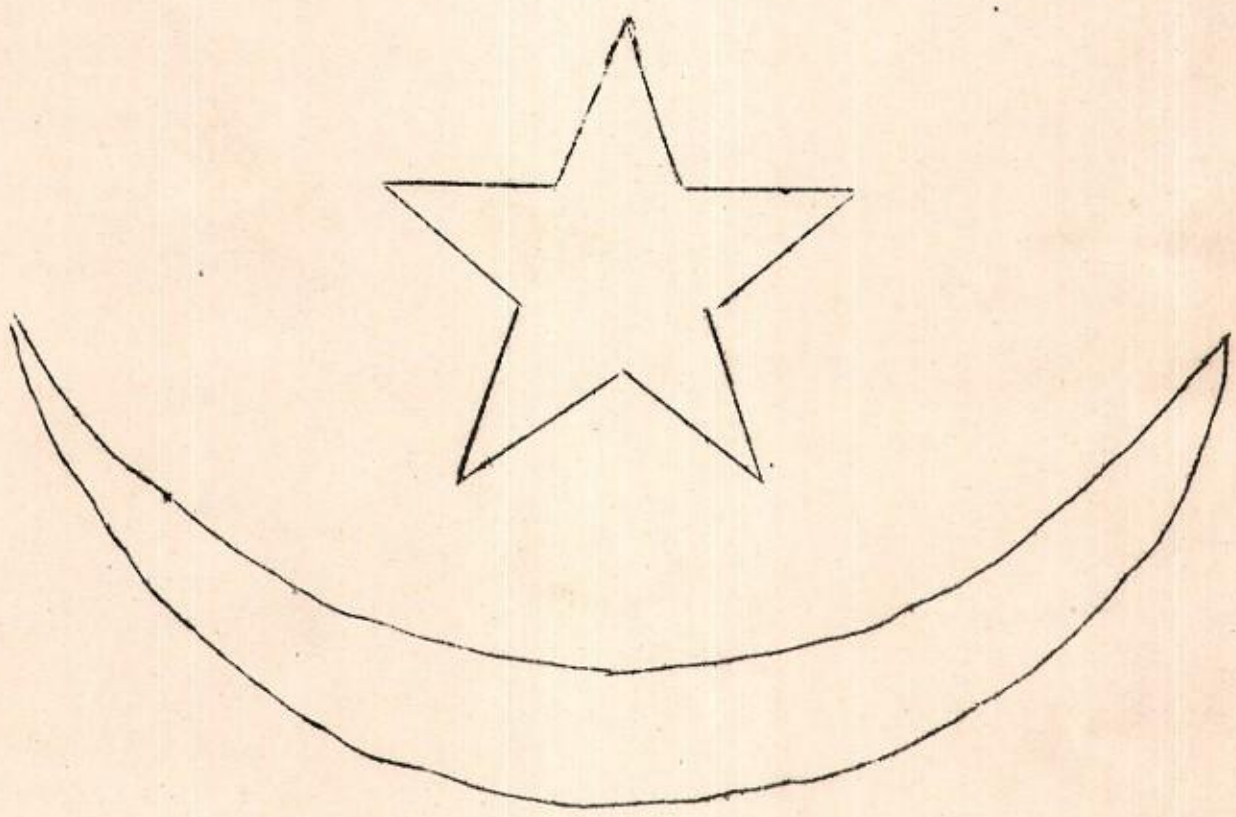
CRESCENT

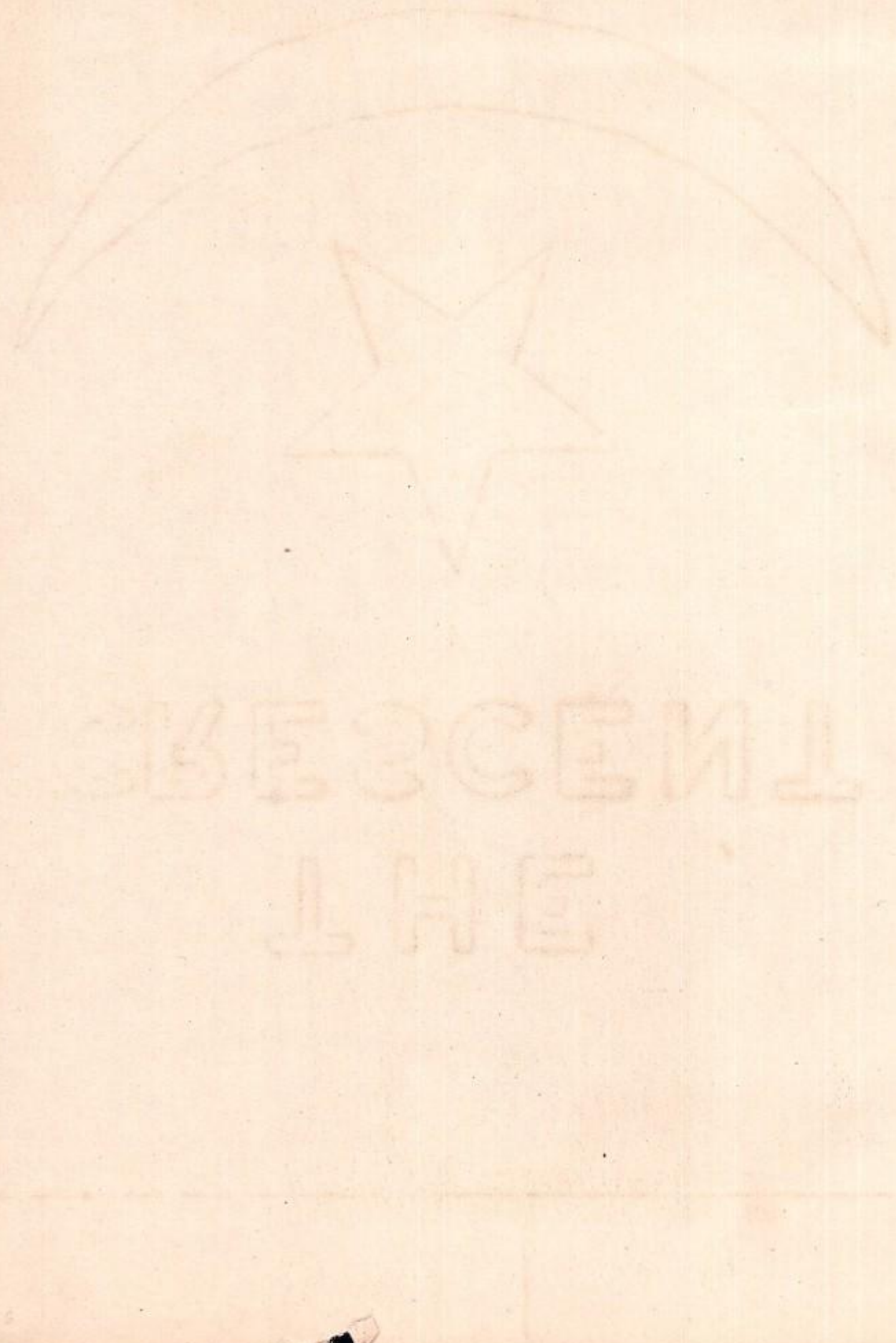
SAMUEL D. HANSON HIGH SCHOOL
VIRTUS ET DIGNITAS
1888

1953

THE CRESCENT



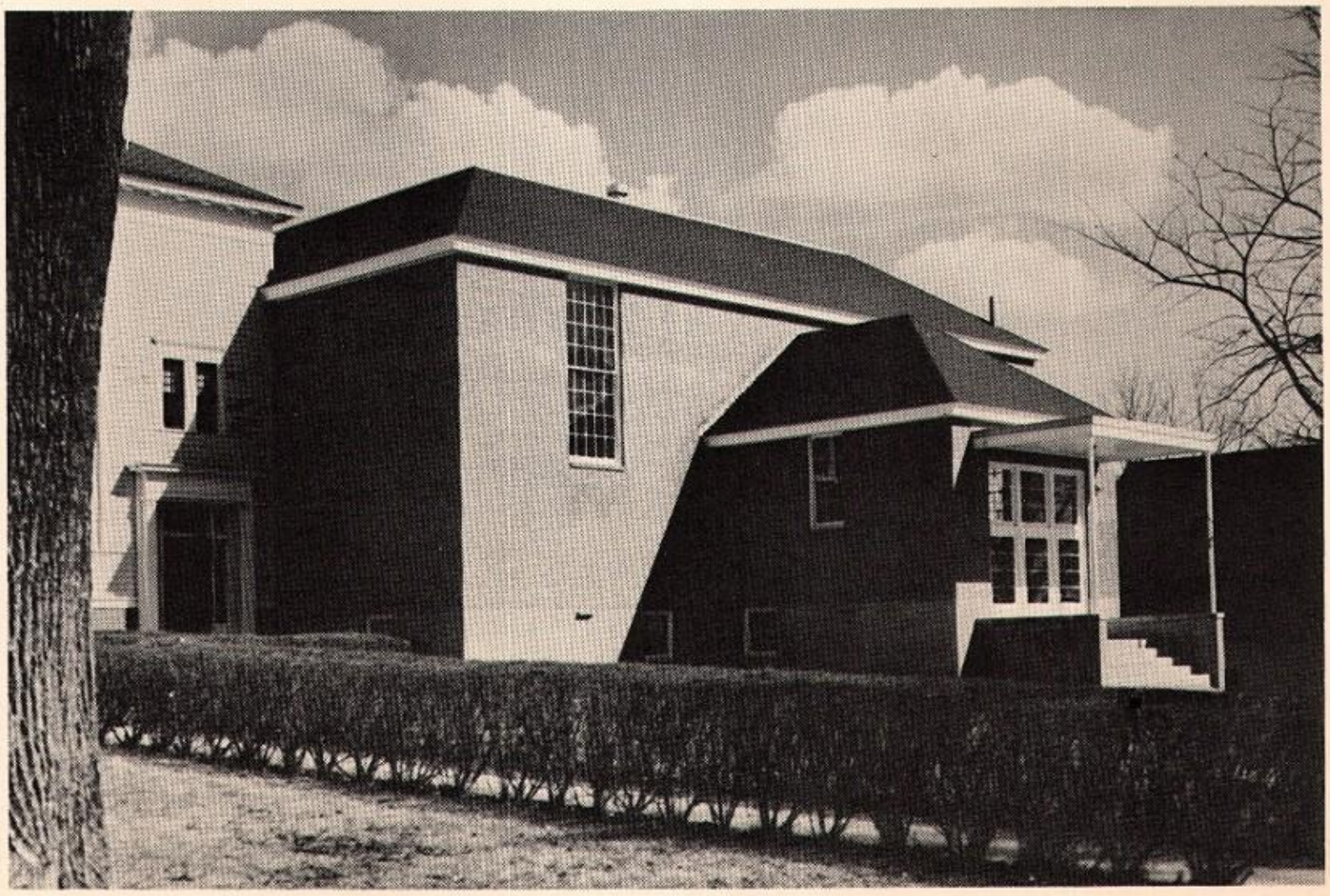
1953



WILLARD R. GILLETTE

The Senior Class dedicates this book in grateful appreciation.

New Gymnasium



CRESCENT BOARD

P09-12

CRESCENT ADVISOR – MRS. STONIER

Editor-in-Chief
Elizabeth Elwell

Assistant Editor
Richard Pinkham

Business Manager
Joan Emery

Assistant Managers
Nancy Wakefield, Jackie Sargent, Liz Elwell and the Junior Girls

Literary Editor
Virginia Trott

Class Editors
1953—Joan Dunn
1954—Bradley Waterman
1955—Donna Dunphy
1956—Claudia Higgins

Exchange Editor
Nancy Townsend

Girls' Athletic Editor
Liz Elwell

Boys' Athletic Editor
Leonard Strait

Alumni Editors
Sally Jordan, Nancy Bean, and Lucille Junkins

Agriculture Editor
Keith Leavitt

Art Editor
Joanne Beesley

Mimeoscopists
Doris Flynn, Nancy Bean, and Dorothy Ranks

Typists
Virginia Trott, Sally Jordan, Winnie Sawyer, Nancy Townsend and Betsy Nason

Mimeograph Operators
Marilyn Dunn and Phoebe Dow

Literary Advisor
Mrs. Fickett

ADMINISTRATION

SCHOOL COMMITTEE

Harold R. Nason, Chairman
Dr. M. Russell Hartshorn
Merton Waterman

SUPERINTENDENT OF SCHOOLS

Melville H. Johnson

FACULTY

Principal James E. Stonier, Mathematics, History, Chemistry, English and Coach

Willard R. Gillette, Science and Mathematics

Pearl W. Fickett, English, French and Latin

Geraldine R. Stonier, Commercial

Ida D. Rich, Director of Music

Paul L. Johnson, Agriculture

STUDENT COUNCIL

SENIORS

Joan Dunn, President

Nancy Townsend, Vice-President

Arthur Gannett

Ronnie Meyer

JUNIORS

Keith Leavitt

Byron Roberts

Barbara Barker--
Sec'y-Treasurer

SOPHOMORES

Rena Van Leer

Alberta Doughty

FRESHMEN

Rosalind Fogg

MENTORS

Our faculty, as you can see
Are all quite dear to you and me.
While we remain at Buxton High
They strive to help with nary a sigh.
We thank them now for all their labor,
Regardless of our strange behavior.

Ginnie Trott '53

OUR PROGRAM PREVIEW

Class Colors	Maroon and White
Caps and Gowns	Maroon
Class Flower	White Carnation
Class Marshall	Richard Atkinson

Class Motto
"Striving"

Class Honors:

Elizabeth Elwell	Valedictorian
Arlene Owen	Salutatorian
Joan Dunn	First Honor
Virginia Trott	Second Honor

Next two high ranking seniors in order:

Jacqueline Sargent
Nancy Townsend

Baccalaureate, June 7, Tory Hill Meeting House
Rev. Anson R. Williams, Minister

OUR CLASS

Beesley, Joanne
Berry, Donald
Dow, Phoebe
Dunn, Joan
Dunn, Marilyn

Elwell, Elizabeth
Emery, Joan
Fogg, Hartley
Gannett, Arthur
Jordan, Sally

Junkins, Lucille
Libby, Stanley
Meyer, Ronald
Owen, Arlene
Parsons, Sylvia

Ranks, Dorothy
Sargent, Jacqueline
Sawyer, Winnifred
Strait, Leonard
Townsend, Nancy

Trott, Virginia

GRADUATION

June 11, 1953, 8 P.M. — Buxton Gymnasium

FACULTY

P09-10

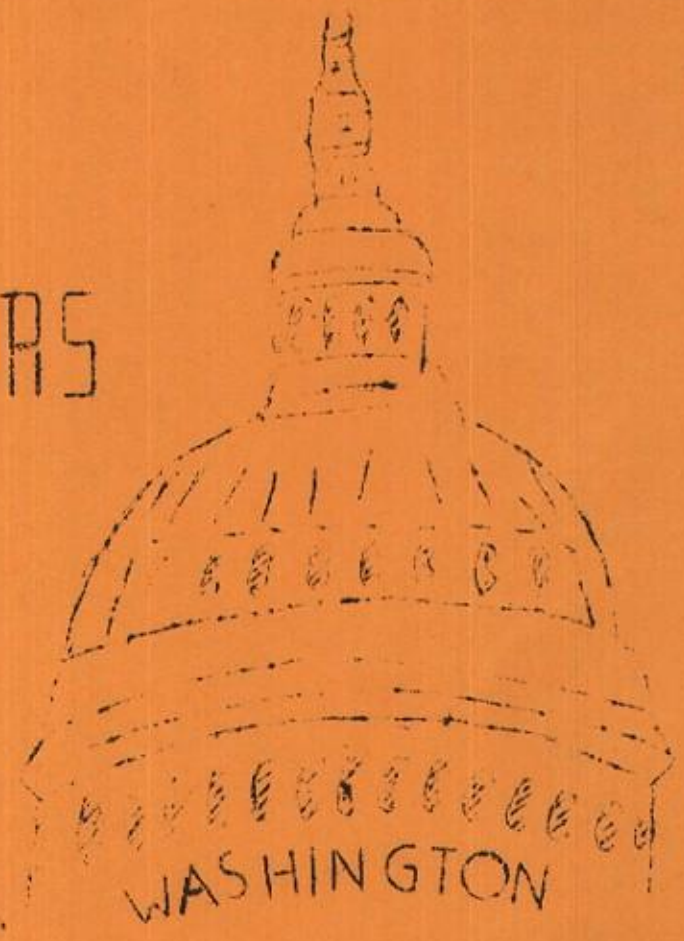
First row, left to right: Superintendent Melville Johnson, Geraldine Stonier—Commercial; Pearl Fickett—English, Languages; Principal James E. Stonier—Math, History, English, Chemistry.
Standing, left to right: Willard Gillette—Science, Math; Paul Johnson—Agriculture; Ida Rich—Music (not present).

STUDENT COUNCIL

P09-5

Seated, left to right: J. Dunn, Advisor, J. Stonier; N. Townsend.
Standing, left to right: R. Fogg, B. Barker, R. Meyer, A. Gannett, K. Leavitt, B. Roberts, A. Doughty, R. VanLeer.

SENIORS



SPRING AND GRADUATION

SPRING

The time of year when buds come forth
And blossom into leaves,
The birds come back to build new homes
And sing above the eaves.

Life comes anew; the world awakes
In one grand adoration.
The time to try the fledgling's wings;
The time of graduation.

Bradley Waterman '54

ELIZABETH A. ELWELL College

Valedictorian

"Science is . . . like virtue, its own exceeding great reward."

Basketball 1 , 2, 3, 4; Horseshoes 1, 2, 3, 4; Softball 1, 2, 3, 4; Prize Speaking 1, 2, 3; First Prize 1; Second Prize 2; Third Prize 3; Operetta Acc. 2, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club Acc. 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 2, 3, 4; All League 3; Crescent Staff 1, 2, 3, 4, Editor in Chief 4; Varsity Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Spelling 1.

ARLENE M. OWEN College

Salutatorian

"In her tongue is the law of kindness."

York County Prize Speaking 2; Lydia Spear Prize Speaking 2; Prize Speaking 1, 2, 3; Student Council 2; Basketball Mgr. 3, 4; Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4; Operetta 2, 4; Orchestra 2, 3, 4; Crescent Sports Ed. 4; Glee Club 2, 3, 4.

JOAN DUNN College

First Honor Essay

"A room without books is like a body without a soul."

Prize Speaking 1, 2, 3, Second Prize 1; Student Council 3, 4; Secretary 3; President 4; Class Secretary 4; American Legion Essay 3; Crescent Staff 2, 3.

VIRGINIA E. TROTT College

Second Honor

"Where your will is ready, your feet are light."

Transfer Thornton Academy; Jr. Red Cross 2; Knitting Club 2; Glee Club 3, 4; Spelling 1, 3, 4; Basketball 1, 3, 4; Volleyball 2; Softball 1; Tennis 1; G.A.A. 1, 2; Operetta 4; Varsity Club 3, 4; Crescent Board 3, 4; Literary Ed. 4; Honor Roll 1, 3, 4; Ping Pong 3; Concert 3; Business Manager Magazine Campaign 4; Librarian 4.

JACQUELINE SARGENT College

Fifth Ranking Senior

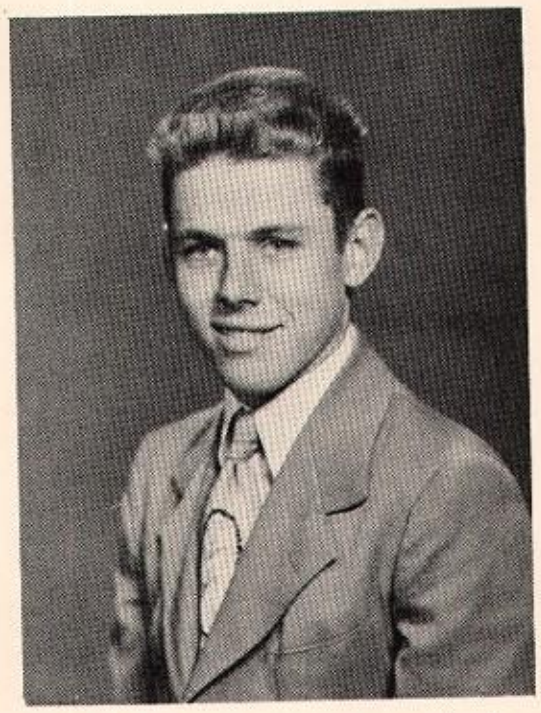
"Nothing is achieved before it is thoroughly attempted."

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4, Capt. 4; Operetta 2, 4; Softball 1, 2, 3,4; Horseshoes 1, 2, 3, 4; President 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 2 3, 4; Crescent Staff 2, 3, 4; Prize Speaking, Third Prize 1, 2; First 3; County Winner 3; Spears Speaking 3; Usherette 3; Varsity Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

JOAN M. EMERY Commercial

"Honor lies in honest toil."

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Office 3, 4; Operetta 2, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Student Council 3; Secretary 3; Varsity Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Crescent Staff 3, 4; Class Ed. 3; Business Manager 4; Librarian 2, 3.



HARTLEY J. FOGG Agriculture

"An ounce of wit is worth a pound of sorrow."

Baseball 2, 3, 4; Student Council 3; Track 2, 3; Class Marshal 3; Operetta 2, 4.

SALLY A. JORDAN College

"Hope in action is charity and beauty in action is goodness."

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Capt. 3, 4; All League 3; Prize Speaking 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Orchestra 2; Crescent Staff 3, 4; Alumni Editor 4; Usherette 2, 3; Operetta 2, 4; Concert 3; Varsity Club 1, 2, 3, 4.

LUCILLE L. JUNKINS Commercial

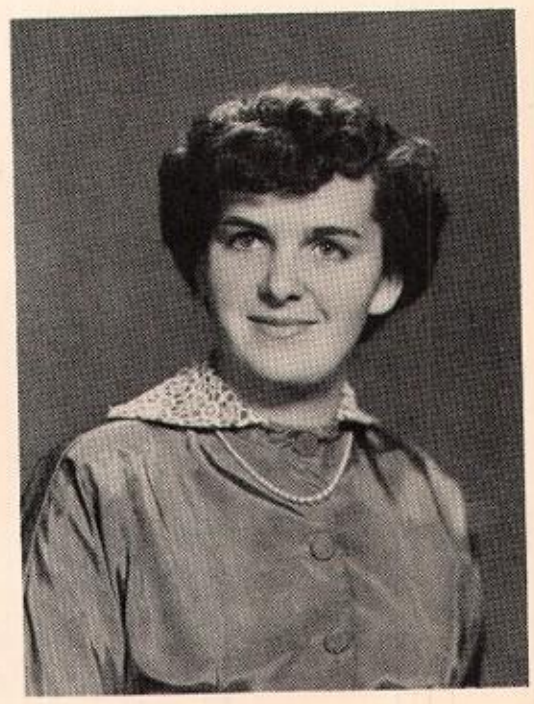
"Laughter is sunshine in a house."

American Legion Essay 1; Operetta 4; Softball 2; Glee Club 4; Crescent Staff 4.

SYLVIA B. PARSONS Commercial

"A smile recures the woundings of a frown."

Operetta 2, 4; Orchestra 2; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Prize Speaking 2; Cheerleader 1; Varsity Club 2, 3, 4; Usherette 2; Librarian 3, 4.



ARTHUR H. GANNETT E. Scientific

"He is not laughed at that laughs at himself first."

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Usher 1; Track 2, 3, 4; Horseshoes 3, 4; Operetta 4; Baseball 4; Music 3, 4.

RONALD L. MEYER E. Scientific

"The force of his own merit makes his own way."

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4, Capt. 4; Track 2, 3, 4; Student Council 4; Horseshoes 3, 4; Baseball 4; Operetta 4; Usher 3; Music 3, 4.

DOROTHY J. RANKS Commercial

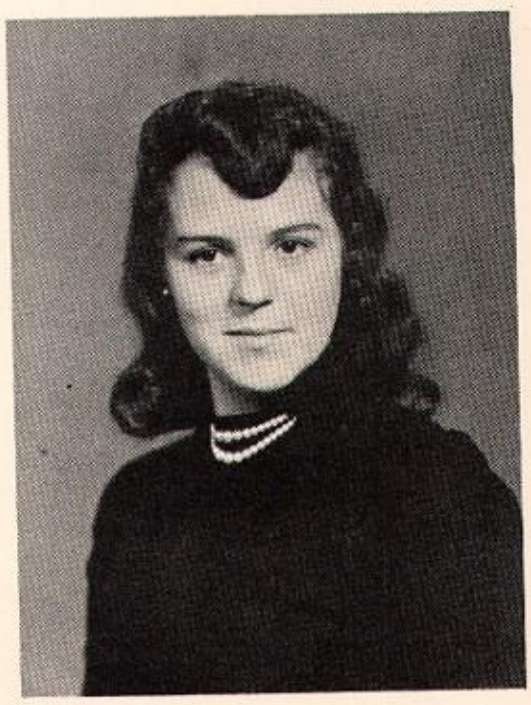
"The shortest pleasures are the sweetest."

Prize Speaking 2; Operetta 2, 4; Softball 2; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Crescent Staff 4; Varsity Club 2, 3, 4.

WINNIFRED M. SAWYER Commercial

"Variety is the soul of pleasure."

Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Operetta 2, 4; Secretary 3; Varsity Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Crescent Staff 3, 4; Softball 1, 2, 3; Horseshoes 1, 2, 3; Concert 3.



STANLEY D. LIBBY E. Scientific

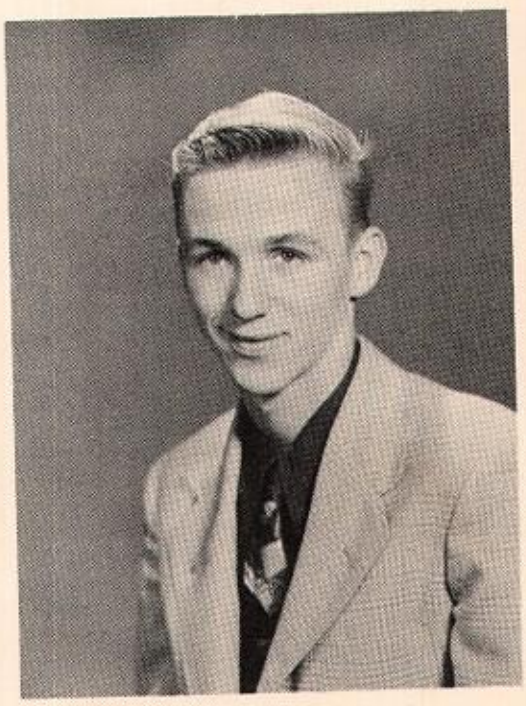
"If you would rule the world quietly, you must keep it amused."

Basketball 1, 2, 3; Horseshoes 3, 4; Baseball 1, 4; Track 1, 2, 3, 4; Checkers 3, 4; Vice President 2; Music 3, 4; Operetta 4.

LEONARD A. STRAIT E. Scientific

"Nothing is more simple than greatness."

Basketball 2, 3, 4; Boys' State Delegate 3; Baseball 1, 2, 3, 4; Treasurer 2, 3, 4; Operetta 2, 4; N. E. Music Festival 3; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Usher 2.

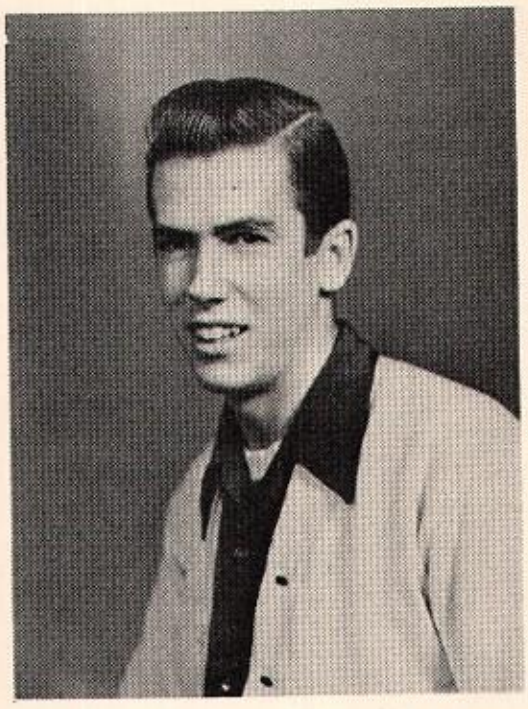


NANCY E. TOWNSEND
E. Scientific

Sixth Ranking Senior

"Beauty is the gift of God."

Transfer Hollis High; Vice President 4; Prize Speaking 1; Student Council Vice President 4; Usherette 3; Basketball 1, 2, 3, 4; Librarian 1, 2, 3; Varsity Club 3, 4; Softball 1, 2; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Operetta 2, 4; Crescent Board 2, 3, 4; Exchange Ed. 3, 4; Honor Roll 1, 2, 3, 4.



DONALD E. BERRY General

"A little with quiet
is the only diet."

Transfer Gorham High; Glee Club 2; Track 2; F.F.A. 2; Operetta 1; Music 1.

JOANNE L. BEESLEY General

"True happiness is to
no spot confined."

Operetta 2, 4; Treasurer 3; Prize Speaking 2, 3; Vice President 3; Glee Club 2, 3, 4; Varsity Club 2, 3, 4; Crescent Staff 3, 4; Cartoonist; Librarian 4.

MARILYN J. DUNN Commercial

"The woman that deliberates
is lost."

Basketball 1; Operetta 2, 4; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Crescent Staff 3, 4; Concert 3.

PHOEBE A. DOW Commercial

"Speech is great; but
silence is greater."

Crescent Staff 4; Operetta 2; Glee Club 1, 2, 3, 4; Concert 3; Usherette 1.

SENIOR NOTES

Joan Dunn '53

The first week in September, 1952 saw us back at Buxton High School for our final year, with Mr. Gillette as our advisor.

At our first class meeting, we elected the following class officers; Jacky Sargent, President; Nancy Townsend, Vice President; Joan Dunn, Secretary; and Leonard Strait, Treasurer. Elected to the Student Council were Nancy Townsend, Joan Dunn, Arthur Gannett, and Ronnie Meyer.

To open our final drive for sufficient money to go on our Washington Trip, we put on a supper, Friday evening, October 3. It was a great success. Many thanks to our mothers for their generous help!

Pencils, a scrap drive, pennants, candy, tonic, handkerchiefs, and Christmas cards added to our total.

On November 28, the high school basketball teams played the Alumni; all proceeds went to the Seniors.

In February the entire student body presented the operetta, "Peggy and the Pirate." Proceeds again to the Seniors.

February 20 saw us again "dishing up food" as another supper added to our Grand Total.

Mrs. Elwell and Mrs. Rich will be our chaperones on our trip to Washington, D. C. We are all looking forward to this journey and wish to thank the townspeople for all that they have done to aid us.

School work and the Washington Trip have not occupied all of our time. Ronnie Meyer captained the boys' basketball team while Sally Jordan and Jacky Sagent co-captained the girls' team.

Virginia Trott represented us at the league spelling contest.

Graduation day is coming nearer and nearer. Graduation will be held in the gymnasium this year and all of the Seniors will be very excited and happy that evening. We Hope!!

SENIOR JINGLE

Sally Jordan '53

Listen my readers and you will hear
Of the great senior class from Buxton, so dear.
As you read on you will plainly see
We're a great bunch of kids; take it from me!
First off is Arlene, always dreaming of 'Maine'
We know there's more to it than just a name.
Stanley proposes to each pretty girl,
And Donald keeps them right in a whirl.
Joan, Dot and Joanne sell candy at games,
And Art and Ronnie are there with their dames.

Poor Len! The Pirate in our play,
Took his part well, in every way.
Hardly a word from Phoebe, she's quiet as a mouse,
But Hart always says, "Come-on-a-my-house!"
Sally and Jacky, basketball captains are they,
While Winnie and Joan along with them play.
Ginnie and Nancy are friends of good cheer,
Westbrook Junior and Gorham--watch them next year!
Sylvia talks of Scarboro all the time,
And "Money-Bag" Liz has many a dime.
Lucille looks forward to her Washington Trip,
And Marilyn says, To "Reg" she'll stick.
Last, but not least, our swell class advisor
Mr. Gillette, there's no one much wiser.

SAMUEL D. HANSON — Winnie Sawyer '53

S- is for the Seniors of our high school dear.
A- is for the Alumni we'll all be next year.
M- is for the members of our faculty we know.
U- is for the untiring enthusiasm they show.
E- is for the excitement in the games we played.
L- is for length of time we have stayed.

D- is for the diplomas, we hope to receive
from labors, toils, we won a repreive.

H- is for the help we've had in our time.
A- is for the answers swirling in our mind.
N- is for the noise created in the main hall.
S- is for the scoldings given after the ball.
O- is for the office where the visitors stop.
N- is for neighbors--as neighbors we're tops.

OUR SCHOOL — Sally Jordan '53

Along the road to nowhere
Stands a little yellow school.
A place where loyal students
Stand by the Golden Rule.

We work and play through every day,
Loving every hour.
Math, English, sports and music
From these we never cower.

We love you, Buxton High School
As on life's highway we depart,
We'll carry from your portals
Fond memories in our hearts.

****

YOU NEVER CAN TELL
ALUMNI SECTION, THE CRESCENT 1959???

Sally Jordan and Ginnie Trott - residing in a penthouse on Fifth Avenue, New York City, and driving around in a '59 light blue Cadillac convertible with French poodles in the back seat.
Hartley Fogg - res. San Francisco, famed international beauty contest judge.
Nancy Wakefield (Collomy) - res. Boston, Mass. Pres. of the world famous Collomy Inventions Company, Inc.

Leonard Strait - res. ??, Fuller Brush salesman.
Nancy Townsend (Esty) - res. Mechanic Street, Gorham, Maine, Mrs. America 1959.
Joan Dunn - res. Washington, D. C., U. S. Senator.

Joan Emery - res. Austria, dental technician.
Joanne Beesley - res. New York City, N. Y., dress designer for Saks Fifth Ave.
Jackie Sargent - res. Bar Mills, Maine, chairman of the Buxton High School Board.

Elizabeth Elwell - res. Hartford, Conn., editor-in-chief of the Saturday Evening Post.
Winnie Sawyer - res. Austria, entertaining U. S. troops.
Arlene Owen - res. Hollis Center, Maine, official scorekeeper for Towle's Terrors.

Ronnie Meyer - res. Groveville, Maine, teaching Rena and Ronnie Jr. to play basketball when not coaching Buxton High School basketball team.
Arthur Gannett - res. Hollywood, co-starring with Marilyn Monroe in "Torrid Passion".
Stanley Libby - res. West Buxton, teaching girl's physical education at Buxton High.

Phoebe Dow - res. Gorham, Maine, first woman ever to receive the Green Pastures Award.
Lucille Junkins - res. West Buxton, Maine, Advice to the Lovelorn Column, West Buxton Bugle.
Sylvia Parsons - res. Boston, Mass., teaching a class in the fine art of well drilling.

Marilyn Dunn - res. New York City, dancing instructor at Arthur Murray's Dance Studio.
Dorothy Ranks - res. Boston, Mass. Manager of the Boston Red Sox.
Donald Berry - res. Detroit, Michigan, test driver, Ford Motors, Inc.

STARBRIGHT — Emma Pinkham '55

The stars in the sky,
Shine oh, so bright,
Shine in the heavens,
Night after night.

They twinkle and shine,
Without delay,
I wish they could shine,
All through the day.

SENIOR SUPERLATIVES

Most Likely to Succeed	Lenny Strait	Liz Elwell
Best Dressed	Lenny Strait	Sally Jordan
Best Looking	Lenny Strait	Nancy Townsend
Most Athletic	Ronnie Meyer	Jackie Sargent
Best Dancer	Lenny Strait	Sally Jordan
Most Popular	Ronnie Meyer	Winnie Sawyer
Prettiest Hair	Lenny Strait	Nancy Townsend
Prettiest Eyes	Arthur Gannett	Winnie Sawyer
Most Studious	Lenny Strait	Joan Dunn
Biggest Flirt	Arthur Gannett	Winnie Sawyer
Noisiest	Stanley Libby	Liz Elwell
Nicest Smile	Hartley Fogg	Ginnie Trott
Best Natured	Lenny Strait	Ginnie Trott
Wittiest	Hartley Fogg	Liz Elwell
Most Polite	Lenny Strait	Joan Dunn
Quietest	Donald Berry	Joan Dunn
Most Talented	Lenny Strait	Liz Elwell
Most Bashful	Lenny Strait	Joan Dunn
Best Voice	Lenny Strait	Winnie Sawyer
Best Sport	Ronnie Meyer	Nancy Townsend
Most Responsible	Lenny Strait	Joan Emery
Most Romantic	Arthur Gannett	Nancy Townsend
Best Personality	Lenny Strait	Sally Jordan
Most Co-operative	Lenny Strait	Liz Elwell
Most Curious	Stanley Libby	Lucille Junkins

"It is a well known fact that high heels were invented by the girl who was kissed on the forehead."

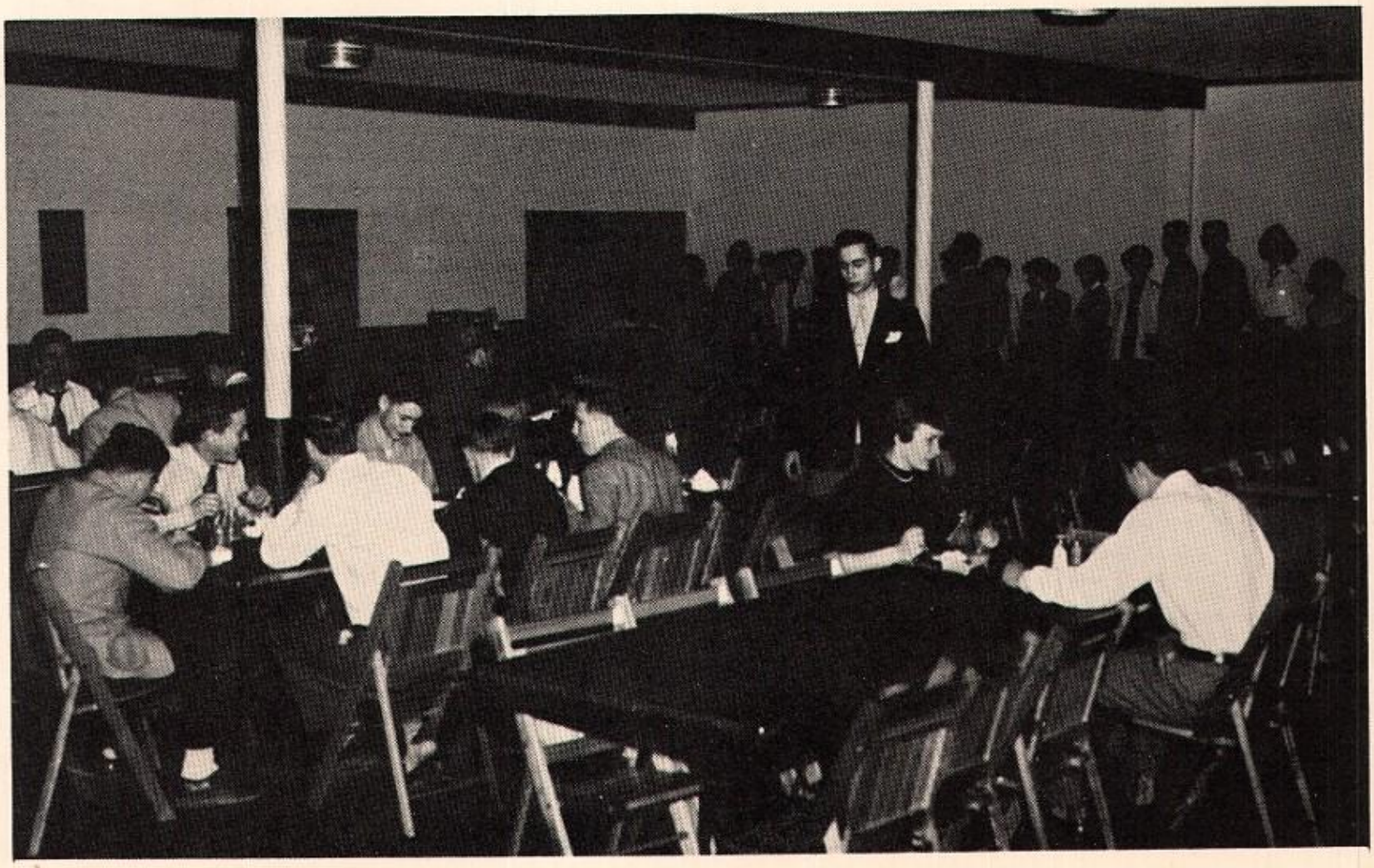
SENIOR CLASS OFFICERS

P09-11

Seated: President, J. Sargent.
Standing, left to right: Secretary, J. Dunn; Treasurer, L. Strait; Vice-President, N. Townsend.

CAFETERIA

P09-3



UNKNOWN TO THEE

As I was pondering through the remains of a dilapidated old farmhouse, I came upon an ancient dictionary in which I found a letter that had been written nearly thirty years ago by an old man. Apparently, his mind was in a jumbled state because he had written a letter to our Lord about some of the happenings that were bothering him. Let us look into a few of the lines of this letter.

"Our Heavenly Father,

I am growing late in years and the state in which this world of ours is in, is beyond my reach. As I sit here pondering over many things, I wonder outloud if you know what is going on in this harsh and cruel world of ours. I read in the newspapers that we are about to enter into another war. Isn't there something you can do to prevent such a horrible undertaking? Although a war won't bring too much sorrow and grief to me, think what it will do to the world as a whole---------- the great loss of life, the destruction of many cities and towns, and broken families and homes. And what happens after the war? What state is your poor world going to be in? Of course this question will not be answered until after the war is over but I wonder if you realize all of this?

As I sit here in my rambling old farmhouse, the outside world dosen't effect me much and I am too old to learn the ideas and thoughts of our younger generation. It makes me wonder, when I hear tell of so much bitterness and poverty, even in our own country. I manage to get enough to eat and live quite comfortably but it makes cold shivers run up and down my spine when I think of little children cold and hungry.

I imagine that by the time my letter is found all of my questions will be answered. But please, dear Lord, if you know of all the horrors and heartaches, do your best to overtake them. I won't be living in your world much longer but I hope these things won't be unknown to Thee throughout the years. I'm writing you in hopes that conditions will be better for future generations.

All of my Faith goes to You." (Signed)

As I read the lines of this man's thought, it made me think of the conditions of the world today. Since his letter was written, there has been much investigating into science; two world-wars have been fought and won by our country; Communism has sprung up and slowly gripping the world between its gummy fingers and now we are approaching the Presidential Elections and a very unpatriotic 'mud-slinging Campaign' is going on.

Has this world gone beyond the control of Heavenly Powers????

Sally Jordan '53

THE CLOUDS

The clouds were merely hanging around, as the gray dawn awoke. The night before, the clouds had experienced a terrible ordeal and they were talking of it as the sun tried to peer through.

One sour little one with an odd shape spoke up in a little voice and said,

"It's a terrible thought to have to be here in the sky all the time, to have children look at you and try to imagine what you could possibly look like. Why do they always try to put your shape to some animal or object? The people walk by on the ground and curse you because you're holding the sun back, the wind blows you hither and yon and when you move just a little, while the artists are trying to paint you, they get mad too. A cloud's life is wicked."

"That isn't right at all," said a beautiful, snowy white cloud, "we all have a purpose. Let me tell you of some, - we're a place for the heads of the little angels to retire, an object to reflect the sun's warm rays to the children below - for without the warm sunlight, they would be very unhealthy. The children love us and play games with us. They race along the fields and try to beat us. Don't you see all clouds aren't the same? Because some clouds have a dark side, we're here to show some clouds do have a silver lining."

"I suppose you're right, but-" repeated the first.

"No buts about it - see those children down there, come on I'll race you over. They'll play with us, you'll see."

"Okay, last one over is all wet - let's go."

Winnie Sawyer '53

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A SCHOOL CLOCK

I am a school clock. I was made in Switzerland by a famous clockmaker. I have kept time for about fifteen years in this same school room. I have never stopped except once when there was a great blizzard and no one came to wind me. I have watched children laughing; watched teachers struggling with backward children. I have seen heartache in the eyes of children who couldn't make the team. I have seen children go running and singing out of the classroom when school let out. As I look down on the deserted classroom thinking of my past, I now realize I have lived a full life. I have helped someone, the purpose for which everything is put on this earth. I have served my time. Tomorrow they take me down and replace me with a new modern clock. Where I go from here I do not know, nevertheless I am happy.

Claire Redlon '55

Dost thou love life? Then do not squander time for that is the stuff life is made of _ _ _ _ _ B. Franklin

UNAWARE

The sweat stood out on my forehead. My muscles were tense and my heart was pounding furiously. I didn't know why I should be this frightened because I knew that it must happen. Just as Judy would be standing by the huge boulder the terrible monster would grab her and put his clammy hands around her white throat and squeeze the life from her.

There wasn't any way I could prevent it. It seemed so awful that Judy, the fair-haired girl who had traveled from America with her father to explore the island, would be a victim of such a horrible death.

Unaware of her Fate, Judy climbed the knoll. Six more steps would lead her to the rock, and to her doom. I waited. After the third step she stopped to catch her breath. Just three more steps to go--and Judy climbed the remaining three. Yes, she was standing in the exact spot. I saw the hand reach out to grab her and at this point it was I who felt the hand on my shoulder. This was unexpected and I screamed. All eyes were upon me but I didn't care. I was so relieved to see my sister standing there and to hear her voice saying, "Come on, dopey. This is the third time you've seen this movie. It's time you went home."

Betsy Nason '54

THE INAUGURAL PARADE Sally Jordan '53

I stood and waited for most six hours,
For the Inaugural Parade to appear.
I wanted to get a good peek at Ike,
And at Mamie, whom he holds so dear.

Many times the crowds shouted they were coming this way;
And everyone pushed me and shoved;
I lost my hot-dog, my program and hat
To see the two people we love.

The thousand piece band played with voilence and pep,
And everyone's hushed with astound.
But the man in front of me was so very tall
I couldn't see even Ike's crown.

They arrived at the White-House with speeches by all----
Republicans all, you must heed!
Finally, Ike took the oath; disappeared in the crowd,
We hope he'll do well his great deed.

THE CAT Betsy Nason '54

I
Child of the night,
Black fury,
Claws of lightning,
The panther.

II
Stalking the jungle,
Creating fear,
Seeking it's prey,
The panther.

A little learning is a dangerous thing. --Pope

MONEY CAN'T BUY

Bradley Waterman '54

I was rich; it hadn't taken my schoolmates at Glendale High long to find that out. The clothes I wore, my sporty roadster, my walk, my excess of spending money; they all told the story. Yes, it was easy for my classmates to think that I had everything; but appearances are often deceiving. I had everything but the thing I wanted most - friendship. Oh; don't get me wrong; the kids spoke to me and made polite conversation, but that was about as far as it went. No real fun, and no one my age to talk to except at school.

It was a beautiful October day, and as I was walking home from school I decided to stop by the thick stone wall about a half-mile from home and just soak up the beauty of afternoon. All along the wall were huge maple trees whose branches seemed to touch the sky. Through these branches an azure sky was visible. The smiling sun streamed down through the brilliant orange and yellow leaves, and the brook on the other side of the wall faintly gurgled a happy tune.

It was the kind of day when it was easy to get lost in thots. So I curled up on the wall, with my back to a maple, pulled my knees up to my chin, and let my thoughts wander aimlessly.

I recalled how happy I had been when my folks had first told me that we were moving to an old mansion in the country. I had always wanted to live in a country home and to attend a small high school where everyone knew everyone else, and had great fun together. But I never once thought that my parents' wealth would keep me from being "accepted".

It had been more than a month since school had opened; but I had not been invited to join either the Outdoor or Hobby Club, the only two in Glendale High. Nor had I been invited to any of the Saturday Night Teen - Trots. And none of the boys had asked me for a date.

Maybe I hadn't tried hard enough, though. Maybe.....if I tried a little harder.....I recalled seeing an ad that went something like this: "When changing schools, should you - get yourself a chum, or catch the boy's eyes?" The answer of course, was to get a special chum, and through her, get acquainted with the others. I hadn't thought much about it at the time, but now it seemed like a solution to my problems.

Jane! She had no special friend, but chummed around with everyone at school. Tomorrow at noon I would ask her to have a soda on me at Pop's. She was having trouble with her Latin, and I would offer to help her! I would be her closest friend! The more I thought of this, the surer I was it would work! And I would have a special friend, too, with whom I could share my secrets and troubles.

As I reached this decision, a gentle breeze stirred the leaves above me, and dropped one into my outstretched palm, as though to tell me that I now had popularity and success by the hand.

"Softly, gently, like scraps of the finest white velvet the snow drifted down upon the battlefield. The velvet was decorated with red satin."

"Suppose that sounds peaceful enough for Mom?" questioned Kent.

"Perhaps the red satin was being a little too sarcastic, Lt. Sanderson," replied the nurse.

"I suppose that I should write home to Mom real optimistic like, when I don't even know what I'm fighting for?" Kent was sarcastic again.

"I suggest that you visit Major Su Yung when you are well enough to walk around. He needs to have visitors; you aren't very good company but---" The remainder of the nurse's suggestion was obvious.

Kent's face reddened but he made no reply.

****

It was the day before Kent was scheduled to leave the hospital when he finally remembered the nurse's suggestion. Major Su Yung was a frequent topic of conversation among the nurses and Kent had little difficulty in finding him in the adjoining ward.

As Kent looked down at Major Su Yung, he could not repress a shudder. Although he had attained the rank of major, he could have been no more than twenty-four years of age. One side of his face had been blown away. One arm had been amputated and the other arm was in a sling. Shrapnel had taken its toll in both of his sides, as Kent learned later.

"How's it going, Major?" questioned Kent.

As the injured man opened his eyes, Kent received a shock. With the exception of his eyes and mouth, the man's face was covered with bandages. But his eyes that looked up at Kent were shining with the unmistakable light of peace and joy.

"Maybe I'm wrong, Major, but I fail to see what can make you so happy."

"Until a week ago, I was very unhappy, Lieutenant;" the Major's English was perfect--"you see, my wife and son were in Pusan. My father and brother were with them but if the Communists came, I knew that they could not save them. The Communists have no respect for women and children; they believe that they are just more animals to be killed. But, now my wife and son are gone. A kind missionary has taken them back to the United States with him. They will be safe and I am thankful to God.

"What makes you so sure they will be safe?" asked Kent.

(continued)

"In the United States there are many people. They are very proud of their country. They believe that their way of life is right and as God would want it. They will fight to protect their way of life. One of the rules of it is that women and children should be held in respect; they even have respect for women and children of their enemies. The Americans are very generous to us. They have enough to do to keep their way of life but they did not hesitate when it became necessary for some one to help us to preserve ours. My son will grow up in a free country; thanks to the Americans. He will be able to return to Korea. He will be with the younger generation, the generation that will make Korea a strong and independent nation." As Major Su Yung spoke his voice grew weaker but the light that was shining in his eyes grew stronger.

Lt. Kent Sanderson bowed his head in shame and made a vow to God above that he would never again say that he did not know what he was fighting for.

Joan Dunn '53

HAUNTING MEMORIES

Joan Emery '53

It was a dark, stormy night and, as he glanced out the window a flash of light drew his attention. His first thought was "an invasion" and he clenched his fists, thinking of his days on New Guinea as a Navy Doctor.

He had spent three long years filled with hardship there. For what seemed like days at a time, he had done nothing but patch up wounds, give plasma and set broken bones.

Now he was giving more plasma, mending more broken bones, getting very little to eat as he didn't have time. His hospital was gone, most of his equipment and personal belongings, too.

Suddenly he was shaking, and his body was drenched in a cold sweat. He somehow brought himself out of this night-marish daydream and, trying not to disturb his wife, went quietly down stairs to have a last cup of coffee before getting some sleep for a few hours.

The men were down in the field fixing the high tension wires that had broken and caused the illuminating light. Now he could sleep in peace, he hoped!!!

MY LAND

America is my own home land,
With oceans wide upon her strand,
A wonderful place to work and play,
Where freedom and peace will always stay,
Where men and women will always stand,
As God's own people in His free land.

Herbert Ranks '55

SNOW

Every winter thousands of children eagerly await the first snowfall. They are overjoyed at the thought of having ten or twelve inches of snow on the ground to flounder around in. Ten minutes after it starts to snow, they have their sleds out and are prepared to try to go sliding.

I cringe at the sight of snow. What can be worse than having cold, sloppy, heavy snow piled up in front of your doorstep so that the minute you take one step out of doors, you have to fight your way through knee-deep (or perhaps deeper) snow.

There are different types of snow. First, there is the light variety (the easiest type to walk through). When you walk through this, it doesn't hold you back much but it has an odd habit of flying around usually ending up inside your shoes or boots. I don't consider snow particularly helpful in keeping my feet warm (or dry). Then there is the wet, sticky type of snow. This is especially good for making snowballs, snowmen, snowforts, ---but unfortunately, mostly snowballs. Some people may consider it a big thrill to get hit in the back or the head with a snowball. I am not one of these people. How anyone can derive pleasure from engaging in a snowball fight when no matter whether you win or lose, you still find yourself wet from head to toe and probably sore at the finish, is beyond my comprehension. The last type of snow is the heavy type. This kind is not useful in any way whatsoever, not even for snowballs. If it is packed down hard enough, it can be used for sliding. The object of this whole sport of sliding is to see how many people you can run into on the way down the hill or how much faster you can reach the bottom than your friends. What does it matter? You still have to climb up again. Either way you get snow inside all your heavy clothes, not matter how tightly they are buttoned. There is nothing more uncomfortable than a small, wet, cold lump of snow nestled snugly under your jacket in such a position that you cannot remove it without completely undressing.

No matter what the type of snow, it still has to be removed by one method or another from driveways, roads, and sidewalks. Road commissioners and snowplows are supposed to take care of the roads. They do, when they get around to it. Each family has to take care of its own problems, however. The more children the more problems. Not only do they have to worry about snow removal from their driveway and walk, but also from the inside of their house. Children have an odd habit of bringing in large amounts of snow and distributing it pretty well in various rooms throughout the house. This snow is not quite so easily removed as the snow that is in the driveway. As soon as you have wiped up one puddle, another child comes tracking through and drops another pocketful of snow on the floor. While the children are transporting all the snow they can carry into the house, some hapless member of the family is industriously shovelling the driveway. Shortly after this member has finished his task, the snowplow will come by and throw the snow all back into his driveway. What a reward for all his labor!

This is snow, snow, beautiful snow! You can have it! I prefer Miami any time.

Virginia Trott '53

NATURE'S WALK

Mother Nature strolled along the dewy paths. The broad expanse of earth beckoned before her. Answering the call, she set out to pay a visit to some of her children.

The early morning sun peeped her shining eyes over the horizon.

"Good morning, Mother. I am going to shine all day. That way I can make people happy."

The whistling wind sighed through her hair, making a beautiful melody to accompany her. Wisps of her flowing hair were blown to the ground, only to spring up again as golden dandelions, where some small earthling might play with them.

Little drops of dew tinkled along the leaves. They made their own song to Mother Nature. They were singing of how lucky they were to be able to be on earth to perform their simple task.

The gently babbling brook related to Mother Nature some of its many tales. She told of the many excited fishermen who had stormed her banks and of the calmness of other fishermen who had found a bit of sunshine, a nice soft tree trunk, and waited while the murmuring brook sang him to sleep.

There were tales of the Indian lovers who came to sit by the patient brook to spin their love story.

Mother Nature blest all the gnarled and twisted trees, making them straight again. Peace, she told them, would come to the older trees, and they would be useful after they had fallen, even if no one considered them of much use while standing. The young stalwarts entwined their branches around her in a loving embrace. They were very proud, and well they might be, for they had lived a good life, and would get their reward.

Mother Nature wiggled through the fine sand by the sea. The thrashing waves lessened, bowed before her, and kissed her toes. The storm waves grew gentle before her, ashamed of their lashing fury.

The fields were pregnant with blossoming crops. The fragrance came as if from heaven itself. She lifted her care worn face to the sky.

There the rosy clouds floated by like giant chunks of merinque. How cozy it would be to sit in a fluffy cloud and watch the earth roll by.

Mr. Moon looked down and rolled his eyes. My, what wonderous

tales he could tell. But he only smiled to himself and passed from view.

Two little stars were playing hide and seek. Mother Nature asked them what their work was.

"Why I'm the evening star," replied one of them, "I am the first star to shine at night. All the girls on earth make wishes on me."

"And I am her Secretary. I keep all the wishes," said the other.

Night softly tiptoed over to Mother Nature, wrapped her in its cloak, and carried her home to rest for another day of God's miracles.

Jacky Sargent '53

MONEY FOR CUTTING

Winnie Sawyer '53

There the three of us sat, in that dismal room. The other two were talking, but I could not hear them. After awhile every thing was clear. My mother was one of the women; the other I had never seen. She was a glamorous woman, dressed in fine clothing. Outside it was growing darker and darker by the minute. At lunch time, we ate and directly after , a chaufeur drove up and we rode in a long black car. We went through a long dark tunnel and at the end you could see the light shining. After we emerged from the further end, we drove to an enormous mansion with search lights playing along the stone structure. Inside was a spacious parlor. I was taken in and sat in a big over-stuffed arm chair. A group of people entered and sat all around me. Following them, my mother and the lady stood beside me. The lady took a large pair of scissors from her pocket and began cutting my hair. She was demonstrating a new hair cut and I was her model. When she was through, all the people filed past me and when they went by, each one of them dropped some money in my lap. Then, there was a burst of smoke and flame. I found myself in my bed. It was so realistic I had to feel of my hair to see if it were still there.

TREES

Arlene Deering '54

I think that I shall never see
Along the road an unscraped tree.

With bark that looks so very bright
That stays like that all day and night.

Side-swiping trees is done a lot
By drivers that are not "so hot".

God gave them eyes so they could see
But any fool can hit a tree.

"A friend is one who walks in when all the others walk out."

THE THANKSGIVING AWAKENING OF JOHN CALHOUN DAVIS, III

John Calhoun Davis III, Vice-President of the Multiple Hexagon Steel Company Bank, suddenly jumped up from his red plush chair, irritably threw his paper aside, snubbed out his cigarette and said, "The heck with it."

At the age of 38, by hard work and single-purposed devotion to achieving financial success, he had become a very prominent and wealthy man. This evening just before Thanksgiving Day, he realized that all the staff at the bank had been seething with inward excitement during the afternoon. They were all looking forward to a day off and a gathering at home with the family but he, because he had been so engrossed in his work since he was twenty-two years old, had never taken the time. In fact, he had never become interested in any thing but the material things of the world. His parents had died during his early manhood, and in his climb toward success he had neglected forming any intimate personal attachments. For the first time he had a feeling of failure, of something lacking in his life.

Mr. Davis pushed the elevator button and watched the arrow follow it as it slowly rose to the fifth floor. Then he entered, and rode to the street floor. As he strode out of the building, he saw that it had begun to snow. As he started to cross the street, a ragged boy cried out, "Shine, Mister?"

The Vice-President started to brush past the urchin, but after he saw the boy's crestfallen face, he reconsidered. "Aren't you out a little bit late, young fellow?" he asked.

"Yes, but I am trying to get five more shines tonight," replied the boy.

"What do you want to get five more shines for?"

"I have made $3.00 today and I need $3.60, so I can take Lulu and Susie to Joe's Diner for Thanksgiving dinner," answered the child.

"Aren't you going to have Thanksgiving dinner at home?" questioned John Calhoun Davis, III.

The child's face dropped. "No, because my mother, who washes floors at the Multiple Hexagon Steel Company Bank, fell and broke her leg two weeks ago. My father died when I was only five years old; I must take care of my sisters until my mother gets home from the hospital."

John Calhoun Davis, III had never noticed that there was a different woman washing the floors these last few weeks. He began to think and he realized that he did not know very much about the family life of the people working for him.

He stayed around and waited for the boy to leave and then offered him a ride home. He found that the boy lived in a small

but clean apartment in one of the slum sections of the town. There was a cheerful spirit prevailing about the house, which was missing in his bachelor quarters. He invited the three children to come and eat Thanksgiving dinner with him. After some coaxing they accepted.

The next day he went over after the children and took them out to dinner. Then he took them to the hospital to see their mother. The radiant look on the faces of the children was something that, in all his successful years, he had forgotten. Truly this was the happiest Thanksgiving he had experienced for many years.

Virginia Trott '53

THE SEA BULL

A snake, a mouse, asparagus and tea,
These things are just common debris;
But the big, red lobster in the deep
blue sea
Is loved by practically everyone but
me.

In papers they are advertised--just
fifty-nine cents a pound,
As far as I'm concerned, they'd be
better off underground;
Then visitors come and just sit around
And in the house not a thing to eat
can be found.

They all suggest lobster------What!
Three meals a day?
And you come to the conclusion
you'd rather eat hay;
But as they are guests, what can
you say?
And off to the store you trot, in
mournful dismay.

While gathered at the table you vow
and declare
That never again will a lobster be
there.
But bye and bye, most everyone is
full.
Of that horrible fish 'you' call
the "sea-bull".
Leave the lobsters in the sea, Mr.
Fisherman and crew,
Please don't give them to me
whatever you do.

Sally Jordan '53

"Deeds show what we are; words, what we should be."

FATE

Barbara Barker '54

It was a dark stormy night and as she glanced out the window a flash of light drew her attention to the bad weather. But it wouldn't have made any difference if it had been the mildest evening in June. Judy still had to stay with her baby sister, and on this night of all nights. The biggest thing that had happened in Williamson in years. Guy Lombardo and his band were at the high school gym for the Junior Prom. The dance wasn't too important; after all, she could go to dances any night. But to miss seeing her favorite bandleader was another thing. It was an unforgivable crime! She, the most popular girl in the Senior class, was stuck at home. Many violent thoughts raced through her mind as she curled up in the big arm chair.

There was a knock on the door. Judy hopped up to open it. In the doorway stood a tall impressive looking man. He'd had a flat, and wanted to call a garage. After the call he sat down to chat with Judy while waiting.

He began, "Oh, I'm terribly sorry I haven't even told you my name. I'm Guy Lombardo!"

SPRING FEVER

Nancy Wakefield '53

The fragile girl in her blue gingham gown,
Sat there in the meadow on the ground,
With yellow buttercups all around.

She looked up then and to her suprise,
She saw a boy just twice her size,
He winked at her with big brown eyes,
That looked to her like apple pies!

He now sat down and they did talk,
And then their hands just seemed to lock!
The silence was long----
The kiss was sweet------
But, --T'was then she jumped up on her feet.

She called him this,
She called him that,
He turned to go and there she sat.

Alone again in the yellow field,
To think of her heart, its need to be
healed.

FIRST LESSON

Donna Dunphy '55

As I looked out the window,
And looked up at the sky;
I saw a pair of birdies,
Learning how to fly.

The first one took a nose dive,
The next one had a scare,
Oh how funny it all was,
To watch that little pair.

HONOR STUDENTS

P09-14

First row, left to right: B. Waterman, J. Sargent, E. Elwell, T. Pinkham.
Second row, left to right: L. Strait, J. Dunn, J. Crockett, V. Trott, D. Flynn, B. Nason, R. Strait.

PRIZE SPEAKERS 1953

P09-20

First row, left to right: J. Dunn, C. Redlon, Coach, P. Fickett, B. Waterman, J. Crockett, N. Libby.
Second row, left to right: C. Higgins, D. Flynn, J. Beesley, J. MacDougall, B. Nason, B. Barker.

HONOR PAGE

D.A.R.
By a unamimous vote of the faculty Elizabeth Elwell was elected our DAR representative from the three names selected by the senior class. It is a pleasure to have chosen a girl with such exceptional abilities in so many fields. She is academic, athletic, and excels in music. This is really quite a combination, "Liz". We are proud that you are our "good citizen" for 1953. May you continue to bring us honor at Colby.

PRIZE ESSAYS
Our two prize essayists, Joan Dunn and Jane Crockett both walked home with a prize for their good work. Joan, the American Legion Essay winner on the subject of "Americansim", for which she received five dollars. Jane, Kiwanis Essay winner, wrote about, "What Can The Kiwanis Club Do To Improve Its Community." She won a trip to Boston and a world series baseball game.

PRIZE SPEAKING
Three cheers for three good speakers! Jacky Sargent, Betsy Nason, and Elizabeth Elwell, who took first, second, and third prizes respectively. Each girl spoke a piece well suited to her and did it eloquently. Jacky represented us at the Lydia Spear Contest in Portland. In our York County Contest, Jacky secured first prize and received a medal and a placque for the school.

MUSIC
Several Buxton students enjoyed a wonderful experience when, through the efforts of Mrs. Rich, they represented us at the New England Music Festival. Those attending were Leonard Strait, Richard Strait, Nancy Wakefield, and Elizabeth Elwell.

We were entertained in the homes of some of New Briton's finest people and the instructors hired by the Association were most helpful and kind in their teaching. We were very happy and proud to take part in this grand musical program with so many other schools from all over New England.

MAGAZINE AWARD
Teddy Pinkham, our prize salesman! He sold over $83 worth of magazines during our annual Crowell-Collier Magazine Drive. For his excellence in the field of selling he was awarded five dollars from the Athletic Fund and a trip to Portland to the movies. Although the Freshmen claim him for their own we are all very proud of him.

Stars and Stripes Forever was the movie and nine other high sales men shared this truly grand movie with Teddy.

SPELLING
To Bradley Waterman, Doris Flynn and Virginia Trott for their grand work in the league spelling contest our sincere congratulations. Buxton placed fourth in a field of ten entries. That certainly shows good work on the part of our representatives. Ginnie did especially well by being the one to remain standing longest of Buxton's entrants.

WHAT CAN THE KIWANIS CLUB DO TO IMPROVE ITS COMMUNITY

In every town that has a Kiwanis Club its benefits may be enjoyed by all members of the community. But, each town always has new and different needs that require either financial aid or sponsorship from a club.

One definite need of every community is a well planned and adequately supervised sports program. Skating is a favorite sport for children of all ages, but it can be a dangerous one if the pond or river is unsafe. Plans for this project should be made in the fall and a site selected and prepared. Then when winter comes it is possible by flooding and putting up a few side boards to construct a safe, centrally located rink where small skaters may participate in this healthful, outdoor excercise with no danger to their lives or worry to their parents.

Another type of sport enjoyed by most boys is baseball. A baseball diamond is easy to maintain. A costly plot of land is not necessary, any level field which can be obtained will do. This sport holds a lasting interest through the spring, summer, and fall months. If this field could be large enough, a large variety of other games might be offered. Badminton is a fast and interesting game, which most boys and girls enjoy. The equipment is reasonable and easily obtained. The size of these courts is small enough to allow two or three of these near together.

Sports give the children an interest in competitive games. Thus, they acquire the desire to get along with other children and learn the proper conduct in relation to others in the matter of sportsmanship. In addition to this, sports keep their minds and bodies healthy and keep them in condition for their schools.

In every town there are always those who, through misfortune, or no fault of their own are not able to provide medical and dental care for their school age children. If a fund were established and added to by means of subscriptions, drives, and benefit dinners, many of these conditions could be relieved. This fund could cover emergency operations, glasses, dental care, and the support of already established clinics. It is a very real need and one activity any club or or anization would be proud to sponser. This not only helps each individual selected for special benefits, but improves the whole health standard of the town.

Jane Crockett '55

A TREE Virginia Trott '53

I A tree is like a maiden,
Standing in a field.
Its branches are as arms
With inner charms concealed.

II In the summer dressed in green,
A shelter in the storm,
A home for feathered friends
Is this, her stately form.

"Honor is purchased by the deeds we do;
.....Honor is not won
Until some honourable deed be done."

Americanism

"We the people of the United States, in order to form a more perfect union, establish justice, insure domestic tranquillity, provide for the common defense, promote general welfare, and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and to our prosterity ....", thus begins the Preamble to the Constitution of the United States. From the beginning of the history of our nation, we have demanded and fought for our liberty. Americans love peace, but we are not willing to accept it at any cost. Through necessity, it has become a part of the American spirit to fight for freedom.

From 186 1 to 1865, Civil War reigned in the United States. The North refused to accept slavery. For four years men fought and died; but by the termination of the war, the momentous objective was gained: slavery was abolished forever.

Through the years we have done our best to establish justice in our country and in other countries of the world. In the 1890's we objected to the oppressive rule of the Spanish in Cuba. The sinking of the battleship Maine was the breaking point of the hostility between the United States and Spain. Again we were fighting, but this time it was for the liberty of another country. Justice triumphed and Cuba was a free country.

The year 1917 saw the entire world flaming with war. Forty-nine thousand Americans died in that struggle for freedom. But, after the final gun was fired; America still had its most prized possession; freedom.

On the morning of December 7, 1942, without the least warning, Japan rained bombs on Pearl Harbor, Hawaii, sinking the battleship Arizona, three destroyers, and two auxilary vessels, and damaging others beyond repair. Between two thousand and three thousand men died on that disastrous morning. On December 8, war was voted with only one dissenting vote in the House and was unanimously voted in the Senate. Americans had not wanted the war but neither were they able to allow their country to be conquered by a dictator and an emperor who controlled millions of troops, taught to kill and conquer. Americans wholeheartedly plunged themselves into the war. As months became years, war was still the ruler. But on August 6, 1945, Japan's doom was sealed. On that morning, the deadly atomic bomb dropped from dark skies on to the city of Hiroshima, laying waste to sixty percent of the area of the city and killing more than a third of its population of 350,000. Three days later, another atomic bomb was dropped on Nagasaki. We had won the war but at a terrific price. No living American will ever be able to forget Sicily, the "Battle of the Bulge", Iwo Jima, Okinawa, Guam, Wake Island, Bataan, Corregidor, Saipan, and General MacArthur's promise, "I shall return." The cost of the war for the United States was nearly $300,000,000,000. Our losses in killed,wounded, and in missing passes the 1,000,000 mark. We paid a heavy price for the preservation of democracy and freedom.

And now, seven years later, we are still fighting. In Europe

we are fighting to protect the western countries from Communist dictatorship. It is a new type of war; "The Cold War." " The Cold War" is a war of fears, threats, and preparations for a war in which blood will be shed. No one knows what the outcome of this situation will be, but we may be sure that Americans will do their utmost to shield these countries from the Communists.

We have fought and are still fighting a bloody and terrible battle in Korea. In Korea we are again trying to prevent the Communists from over-running a country.

We, the people of the United States, love the justice, freedom and liberty of our great nation. We are a peaceful nation. We do not like to fight and kill. However, if we are forced to choose between war and the loss of our freedom; we will never hesitate to choose war. That is the American spirit. Patric Henry's words: "Give me liberty or give me death" are truly representative of the American spirit.

"The torch of our history was kindled at the sacred altar of liberty. Let it be your pledge and mine to bear it

High like a beacon,
Till our strong years be sped
And sinews weaken;
Till others in our stead
Take from our loosening hand
The torch full-streaming which we
pass at Death's command."

---Joan Dunn '53

THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF CLARA COOKBOOK

I am a big fat good-natured old cookbook---but then wouldn't you be fat if you had as many delicious things inside you as I have inside me?

I have a broken binding. It all happened when Tom told Mary that she couldn't cook. As I was the nearest and the heaviest thing, she threw me at him. I have never quite recovered from it yet. But I find that Mary does cook much better when she uses me for reference. I'm not bragging, you understand, just boasting a little bit.

Oh, Oh, here comes Mary now to use me. I must stop writing about myself or she will think I'm no good as a cookbook and throw me out and then where would poor Tom be? I would be just as full of good things but he wouldn't be and neither would anyone else who ate Mary's cooking.

Jane Crockett '55

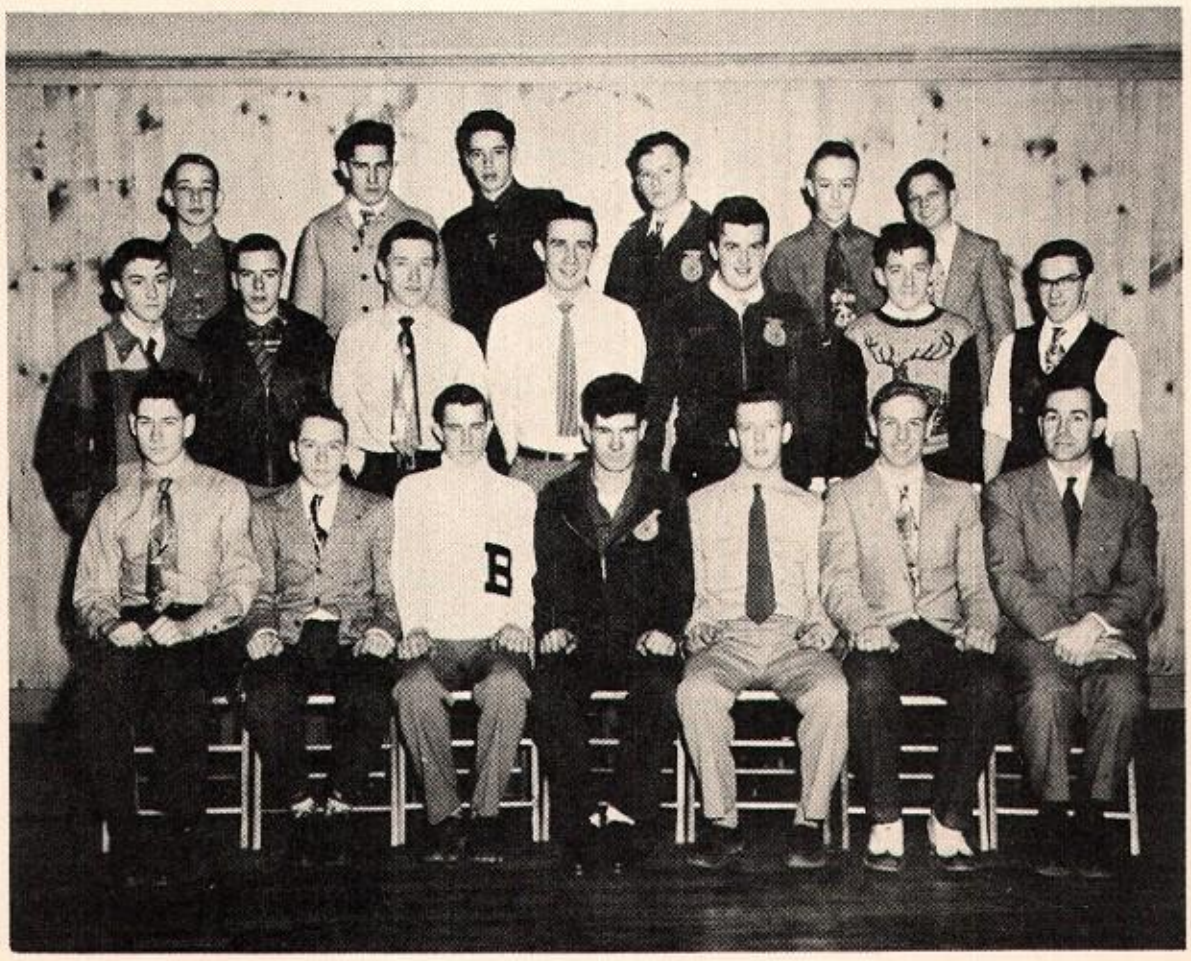
****

RONNIE MEYER

808

F. F. A.

P09-23



First row, left to right: K. Leavitt, R. Atkinson, G. Deering, L. Rowe, B. Roberts, D. Libby, Mr. Johnson.
Second row, left to right: L. Gerrish, R. Young, R. Pinkham, M. Ewing, C. Brackett, E. Beesley, J. Davis.
Third row, left to right: G. Wallace, J. Davis, E. Emery, A. Townsend, R. Gerrish, J. Trott.

F. F. A. — Keith Leavitt '54

Our Chapter holds meetings on the second Monday of each month. We now have sixteen members with Mr. Johnson as our advisor. The organization participates in two Southern District F. F. A. meetings----one in the winter and one in the spring. In June some of us go to the University for two days of contests, State of Maine F. F. A. Business Meeting, and the awarding of State Farmer Degrees.

Each spring we hold a father and son banquet. This year it will be in the new high school cafeteria.

During the past year we have done such work as planting trees and incubating eggs, to raise money for the Chapter.

Leon Rowe Jr., Byron Roberts and Linwood Gerrish were guests of the Maine Electrical Utilities at a banquet held at the University of Maine. This was in recognition of their participation in an essay contest on "The Use of Electricity on the Farm".

THE WATERFALL — Richard Pinkham '54

Tumbling, rolling, down the mountains,
From the ever bubbling springs,
Comes the waterfall like fountains,
Spraying all the impure things.

It falls and falls but never seems
To find its destination.
It tumbles on with courage,
To serve its obligation.

SPRING — Keith Leavitt '54

Spring, Spring, a lovely thing,
With pretty flowers and birds that sing.
A beautiful time to go for a walk,
Or just to sit in the sun and talk.
It makes one feel as fit as a king,
This wonderful time of year, called spring.
Fresh breezes at our doors do knock,
As sweet young things stroll down the walk.

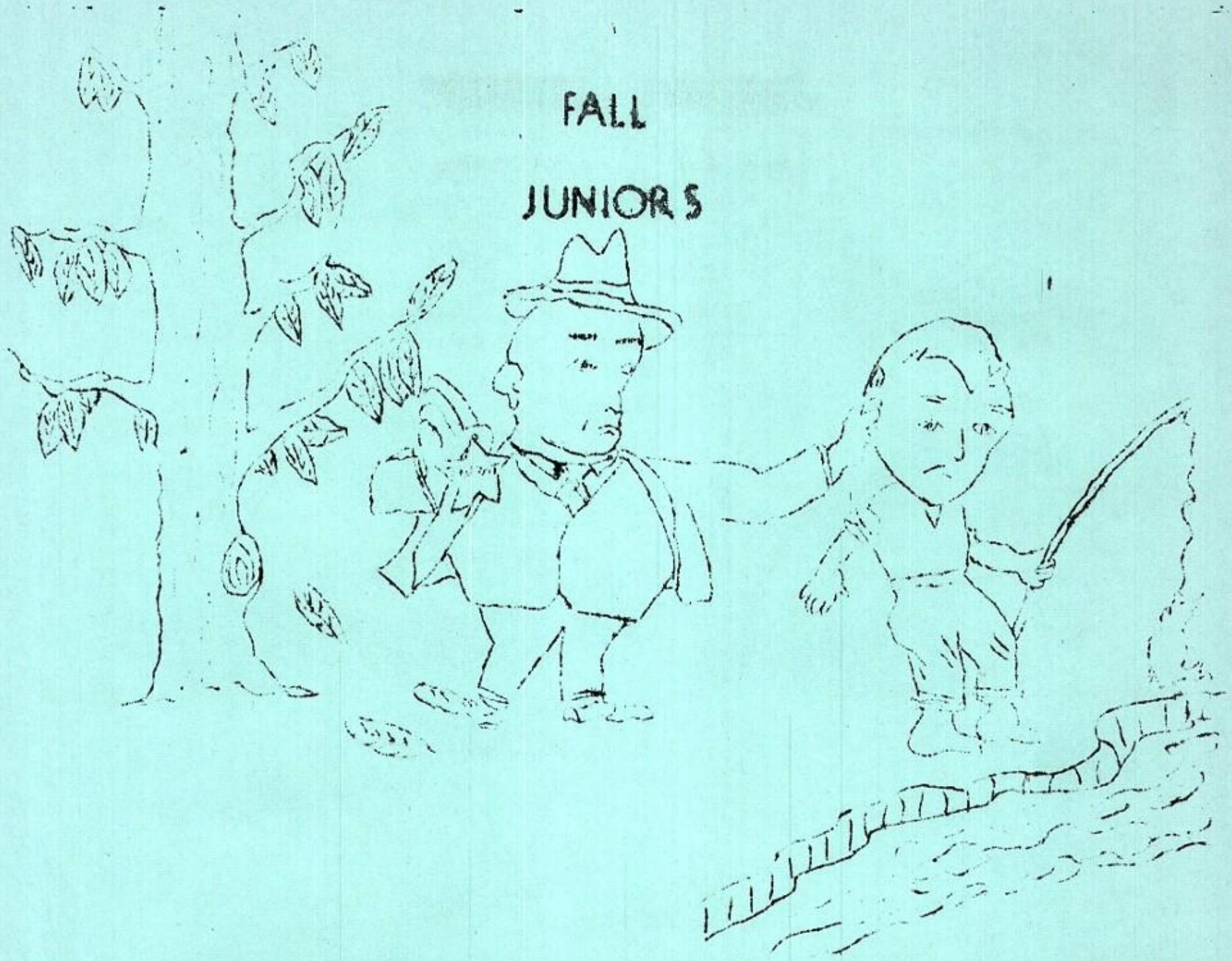
****

A bachelor skunk visited a newly married pair of skunks and was surprised to find an extra bed in their room. When questioned, they explained, "We are expecting a little stinker in the spring."

****

FALL

JUNIORS



AUTUMN

When the days start growing shorter,
And the leaves begin to fall,
And children romping back to school
Quite eager to know it all.

Then the air starts getting cooler,
And the barns are filled with hay,
The cellar's filled with harvests,
And the farmers have their pay.

As I think of the Fall's beauty,
Into my head comes this song,
Why need this fall be so short
And the winter quite so long?

Joan Emery '53

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES — Bradley Waterman '54

When the class of 1954 of Samuel D. Hanson High School re-assembled in the fall we were sorry to note that we had lost Liz Wallace. However, we gained three new members this year; Marvin Ewing, Nancy Bean, and Arlene Deering; making a total enrollment of twenty-two. Richard Churchill left us in February to join the Navy, leaving twenty-one.

At our first meeting with Mr. Johnson, our class advisor, we elected officers as follows; President, Buddy Roberts; Vice-President, Dick Pinkham; Secretary, Sandy Atkinson; Treasurer, Nancy Bean. To serve on the Student Council we chose Barbara Barker, Keith Leavitt, and Buddy Roberts.

From our class Doris Flynn and Bradley Waterman represented us for the second consecutive year in the league spelling contest.

Seven of our members played in basketball - Keith Leavitt, Richard Strait, Marvin Ewing, Betsy Nason, Doris Flynn, Nancy Tyler and Barbara Barker.

For the 1953 prize speaking Doris Flynn, Barbara Barker and Betsy Nason were chosen; with Bradley Waterman as alternate.

Barbara Barker and Sandy Atkinson play in the orchestra.

Many from our class were in the operetta, Peggy and The Pirate; Playing leading roles were; Richard Strait, Doris Flynn, Marvin Ewing, and Sandy Atkinson.

We are looking forward with great anticipation to our Junior Prom in the spring.

What Would Happen If:

Sandy--were six feet tall?
Nancy Bean--couldn't "spark"?
James Davis--caused a scene?
Julian--couldn't comb his hair?
Richard Elwell--was stuck with one car for a whole year?
David--met a Cheshire Cat?
Richard Pinkham--didn't blush?
Billy Starbird--were "as noisy" as Doris Flynn?
Richard Strait--couldn't flirt?
Bradley--didn't know the answers?
Barbara--cheered Buxton instead of Hollis?
Arlene--and Nancy B. had a spat?
Freddie--stayed away from Standish?
Marvin--sat still during English Class?
Keith Leavitt--couldn't play basketball?
Betsy Nason--couldn't tell stories?
Keith Pierce--spoke out of turn?
Buddy--couldn't hot-rod to school with a red truck?
Nancy Tyler--spent a quiet evening at home?
Junior Rowe--didn't look sleepy?

JUNIOR CLASS Nancy Tyler '54

We are the class of fifty-four
We are you see quite near the door.
Twenty-one members we have in all,
We have the short, the medium and tall.

First we have a lad named Sandy
Whom we think is quite a dandy.
Next is Leavitt, in sports he's great,
Then there's Buddy a fine classmate.

Richard's? We have them three,
That's why our class is full of glee.
There are, Pinkham, Elwell and Strait
And all these boys we think are great.

Keith and Jimmie so quiet are they,
But Freddie and Billy always must play.
Every time Julian makes to speak
The sound comes out just like a squeak.

Marvin is the dramatic kind,
But one like Junior's hard to find.
Bradley with his brains complete,
And David with his hot-rod seat.

Snookie with her dancing feet
Would take a lot to miss a beat.
Then there's Beanie a friend so dear,
If you see boys she's always near.

Then there's Doris a gleeful lass,
She often acts-up in English class.
Next comes Betsy a basketball gal,
She helps us cheer like a regular pal.

Here's to Barbara, who as a rule
Would like to visit another school.
Last is Nancy full of tricks,
The Hollis boys she always picks.

Riding in a dogcart, one wire-haired terrier said to the other, "Heard from your beau lately?" "Yes, indeed," was the reply. "I had a litter from him Tuesday."

****

An old hillbilly's wife had a terrible jealousy for her virile husband. In an attic one day she came across the first mirror she had ever seen. She peered into it, shook her head, and muttered, "So that's the ugly old hag he's been running around with.

****

She sat on the bridge in the gloaming
And tickled his face with her toes.
But she was a Jersey mosquito
And the bridge was the bridge of his nose.

****

JUNIOR CLASS OFFICERS

P09-15

Seated: President, B. Roberts.
Standing, left to right: Secretary, R. Atkinson; Treasurer, N. Bean; Vice-President, R. Pinkham.

JUNIOR CLASS

109-16

First row, left to right: A. Deering, D. Flynn, B. Nason, N. Bean, N. Tyler, B. Barker.
Second row, left to right: R. Elwell, J. Davis, R. Strait, R. Pinkham, D. Libby, B. Roberts, R. Atkinson, Advisor, P. Johnson.
Third row, left to right: F. Dow, L. Rowe, K. Pierce, M. Ewing, K. Leavitt, B. Waterman, J. Davis.

WINTER

Moonbeams dancing on the snow;
Frosting windows as they go.
Hard-packed snow and sleighbells ringing
Youths' pure joy shows right upbringing.

Rabbit tracks on fresh, new snow;
Form queer patterns as they go.
Festive noises fill the air;
Nature's gifts are everywhere.

SOPHOMORE NOTES — Donna Dunphy '55

We started our second year at B. H. S. with one new member. A girl from Portland, Alberta Doughty. Although gaining one, we lost six. Robert Larry, Wayne Dennison and Winona Wallace who did not return at the first of the year and Jesse Wood, Durward Lang, and Margaret Patrick who left during the year. That leaves us with a total of thirty-one.

Early in the fall we elected our officers as follows: President, Chester Pease; Vice President, Robert Hutchinson; Secretary, Dorothy Waterman; Treasurer, Juanita MacDougall. Rena Van Leer and Alberta Doughty were elected to the Student Council.

We had nine boys and seven girls out for basketball and the manager of the boys' basketball team was Linwood Gerrish.

Three of the cheerleaders were Norma Libby, Alberta Doughty and Donna Dunphy.

Sixteen girls and six boys are in the Glee Club and two girls and one boy in the orchestra.

We are planning a dance March 20 which we hope will earn us a little money for our treasury.

Emma Pinkham '55

We're the largest of all the classes,
Fifteen lads and sixteen lasses.
I'll start with Hutchie, the jovial kind,
Next there's Bobby with girls on his mind.
Leon and Linwood sho'nuff like front seats,
And Donna and Norma use very good speech.
Herbie's the boy in World History class,
Who shows up the girls by answering fast.
There's Chester, called "Poochy" by all of his friends,
Also there's Ronnie who's glad when school ends.
Now, there is one girl who's always alert,
Her name is Juanita and boy is she pert!
Our Charlie, Alberta, and Carol make three,
They're quite swell kids, we know you'll agree.
We have Shirley and Beryl, two very nice girls,
And Rena, a Cutie, has trouble with curls.
In the Latin Class we have Claire and Jane,
But, Westley says French, sometimes gives him a pain.
Two of the boys, namely Erland and George,
Some of their subjects, they'd like to dodge.
There's Arnold and Calvin, the pests of the lot,
They tease all the girls, especially Dot.
Cynthis's the gal we all call "Cyn",
And Claud's a fella, who can draw anything.
Nancy and Joy I almost forgot,
But I'll put them in, cause they count a lot.
Last there's Roberta, a shy little miss,
And also me, who wrote all of this.
Not one in our class enjoys a test,
But we're all glad we entered B. H. S.

SOPHOMORE CLASS OFFICERS

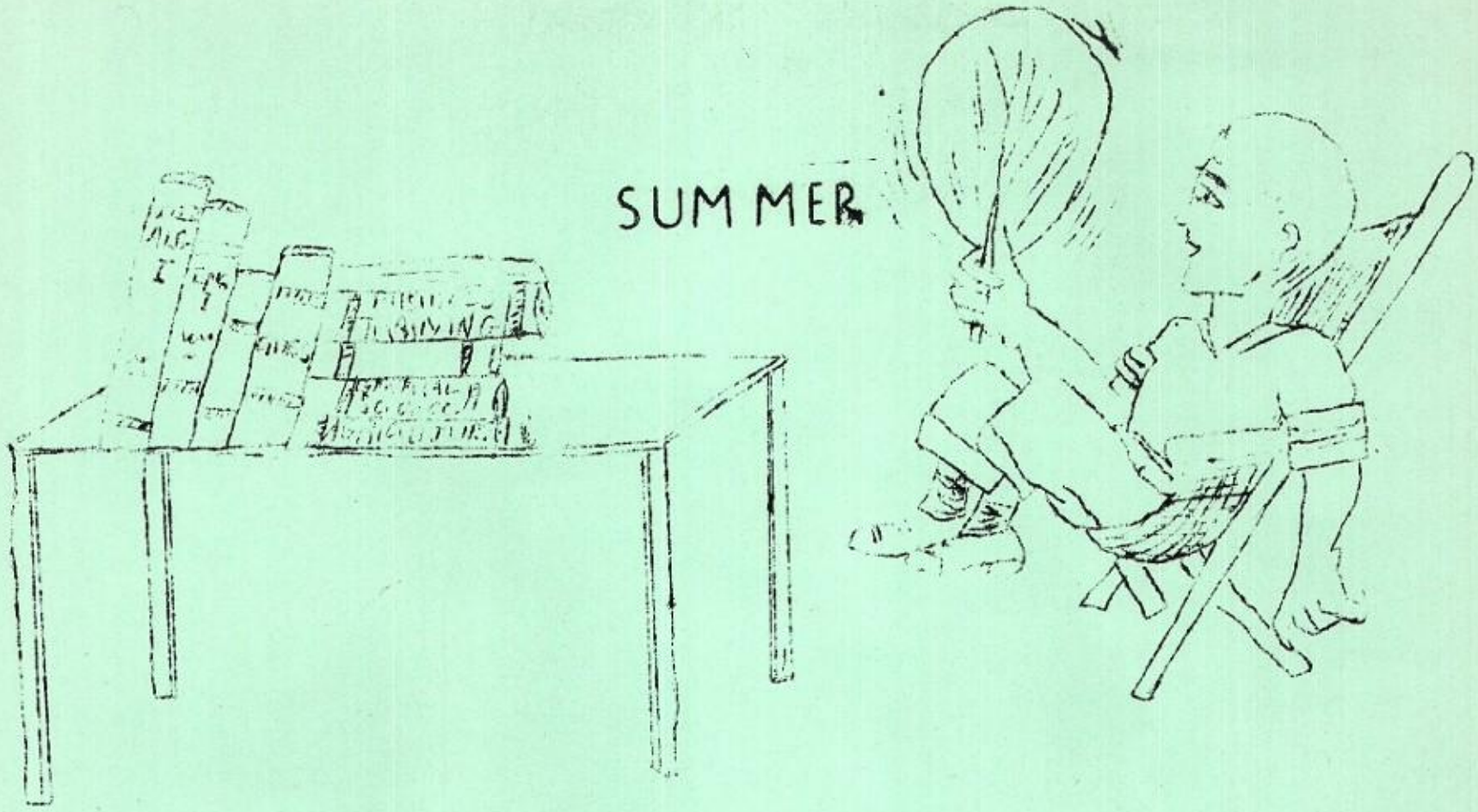
P09-13

Standing, left to right: Treasurer, J. MacDougall; President, C. Pease; Secretary, D. Waterman; Vice-President, N. Libby.

SOPHOMORE CLASS

P09-9

Seated, left to right: N. Nason, A. Doughty, D. Dunphy, J. Tapley, C. Redlon, E. Pinkham, J. Crockett, R. VanLeer, S. Lamb.
Second row, left to right: Advisor, G. Stonier; A. Davis, C. Pease, B. Saindon, N. Libby, D. Waterman, C. Bradbury, J. MacDougall, R. Harris, C. Davis, G. Deering.
Third row, left to right: L. Gerrish, R. Young, W. Jose, R. Hutchinson, H. Ranks, C. Reynolds, C. Brackett, W. Foye, E. Emery, B. Black.



FRESHMAN

SUMMER

The sun shines bright upon the hills,
The green grass smells so sweet,
The birds all sing in sheer delight,
The whole world's at my feet.

Old Mother Nature knows her job,
She works so hard for all.
When children laugh and sing and play,
They've answered Summer's call.

William Foye '55

FRESHMEN CLASS

Claudia Higgins '56

On September 2, 1952, twenty-two Freshmen entered Buxton High School. As soon as we got settled into the daily routine we had our first class meeting with Mrs. Fickett as our advisor. We elected the following officers: President, Teddy Pinkham; Vice President, Joyce Usher; Secretary, Barbara Willey; Treasurer, Virgil Elwell. Our Student Council representative is Rosalind Fogg.

The Juniors had charge of the Freshmen Reception. They gave us a pretty rough time and we were glad when it was over. The teachers were very cooperative and that helped us.

In early February, James Pease left us.

We were proud to have our class in many of the outside activities. We were well represented in both the boys' and girls' basketball teams. Claudia Higgins was one of our pert cheerleaders and she was also chosen to represent us at the Prize Speaking Contest.

We held a dance Friday, March 13. It was the first thing we had undertaken this year and it was a success. We cleared about $25.

The kids of '56 are quite a class
They spend their time worrying whether they'll pass.
Teddy, our president, is full of fun
He's a salesman who can beat anyone.
Claudia Higgins is a girl with brains
You always see her at basketball games.
Joyce and Rosalind come from Salmon Falls
They're always making telephone calls.
Johnnie and Joyce live near school
They're always late, as a rule.
Barbara is a gal who is always well-dressed
She's always trying to keep up with the rest.
And then from West Buxton come Barb and Irene
And you mustn't forget our smiling Arlene.
Allan M. is a noisy cuss
He raises the dickens on the bus.
We also have a boy named Joe
Who at Algebra is somewhat slow.
Jeannette is the girl with her hair cut short
We all agree that she's a good sort.
Helen travels to Gorham each week
Is it a boy that she does seek?
Virgil keeps our records straight
There's a certain girl he'd like to date.
Oscar always wears a smile
To sit and frown is not his style.
Allen lives in a house near Eddie
When time to go home, they're always ready.
Robert, Alan, and Bill are last, not least
And now, thank goodness, my rhyme has ceased.

FRESHMAN CLASS OFFICERS

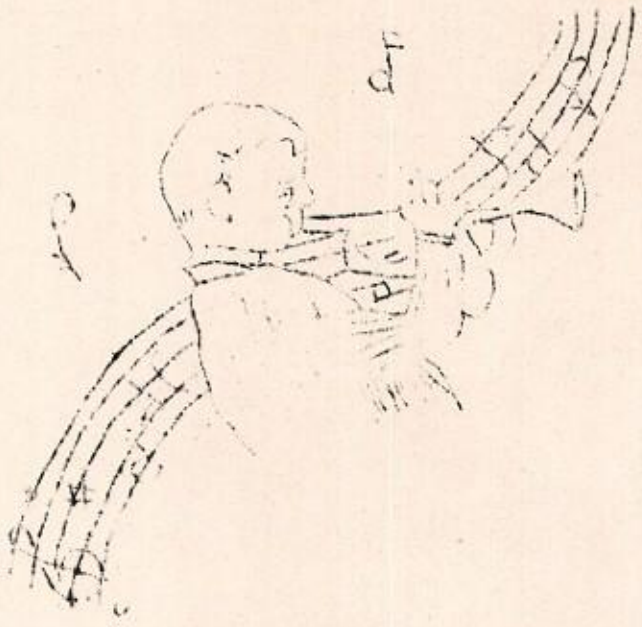
P09-4

Standing, left to right: Vice-President, J. Usher; Treasurer, V. Elwell; President, T. Pinkham; Secretary, B. Willey.

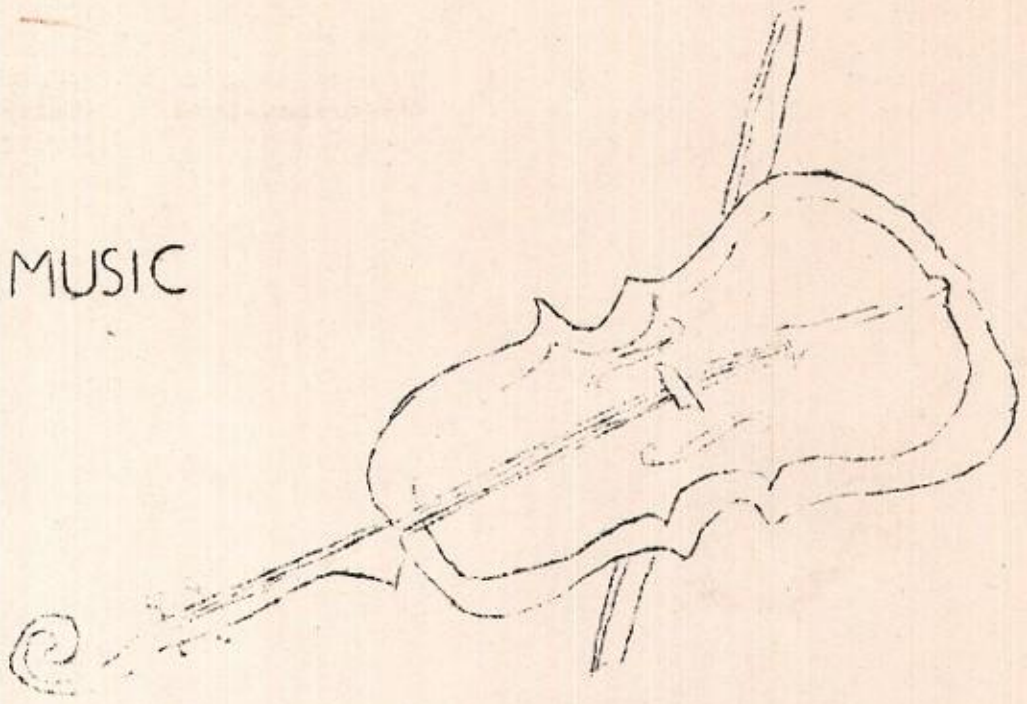
FRESHMEN CLASS

P09-6

Seated, left to right: B. Pinkham, C. Higgins, R. Fogg, A. Junkins, I. Davis, J. O'Haire.
Second row, left to right: Advisor, P. Fickett; A. Richards, E. Beesley, H. Wilson, J. Usher, B. Willey, J. Randell, J. Rowe, W. York.
Third row, left to right: J. Trott, A. Townsend, T. Pinkham, R. Gerrish, V. Elwell, G. Wallace, A. MacDougall.



MUSIC



by Jacky Sargent '53

MUSIC

Starting in 1930, music has been a large factor in the education of Buxton. Mrs. Leah Peterson was the first teacher, and since then six men and three women have carried on the program. Our present teacher, Mrs. Ida Rich came to us two years ago. She attended Plymouth and Keene Normal Schools, La Salle Junior College, and Boston University for her musical training.

One breezy afternoon, as I was just returning to school, a bar of music touched my ear. I noticed a new Mercury in the yard and realized that Mrs. Rich, our music supervisor, was there. As I heard the harmonious strains, my thoughts drifted back to our four years in music at B. H. S.

Our freshman year, we, unfortunately, had no music. But when Mr. Barbour came, (sophomore year) we got right down to business. He helped put on an operetta that year, "Jeannie" which showed us who had the talent, and also that things like that were a lot of fun as well as work. We had an orchestra that year, too, a feeble thing, but growing all the time. We played at a few social functions, but spent most of the time rehearsing.

Mrs. Rich came to us in '51, our Junior year. We learned a lot of part singing and put it together, with Hollis and Standish, in a concert. The music was wonderful, so they tell us, but most of us had too many butterflies to notice. We had an orchestra that year, too, but many of the musicians dropped out. Still, we labored on, mixing our sour notes with the few sweet ones.

This year has been one of hustle and bustle. "Peggy and the Pirate", an operetta, was first on the schedule. It was a huge success, with the townspeople wishing us to repeat it. We are planning another concert for this spring, and all our time is taken up in learning the songs.

Sweet memories! Music has been a great benefit to me and my classmates. It has cultivated the musical feeling in each of us, showing us that music is something that one carries through life as a friend. And as the music floats down to me from the open window, I pray that all future Buxtonites may have the splendid musical opportunities offerred them that have been the privilege of the present Senior Class.

OPERETTA CAST

Ag8

Black Face, R. Atkinson.
First row, left to right: B. Nason, N. Wakefield, A. Owen, J. MacDougall, W. Sawyer, J. Sargent, D. Flynn, S. Jordan.
Second row, left to right: Mrs. Leighton, Mrs. Elwell, E. Elwell, A. Doughty, A. Gannett, M. Ewing, L. Strait, N. Libby, V. Trott, J. Emery, N. Townsend, Mrs. Rich.
Third row, left to right: J. Usher, C. Higgins, H. Fogg, R. Strait, N. Bean.

OPERETTA CHORUS

P09-22

First row, left to right: L. Junkins, I. Davis, B. Pinkham, A. Junkins, J. Tapley, C. Redlon, D. Waterman, N. Nason, E. Pinkham, S. Parsons.
Second row, left to right: B. Barker, R. VanLeer, R. Harris, J. Randall, M. Dunn, S. Lamb, D. Ranks, J. O'Haire, B. Willey, D. Dunphy, R. Fogg.
Third row, left to right: G. Deering, R. Hutchinson, H. Ranks, S. Libby, K. Leavitt, D. Libby, B. Roberts, C. Davis.
Fourth row, left to right: J. Davis, R. Elwell, F. Dow, R. Black, V. Elwell, W. Foye, A. Townsend.

ORCHESTRA

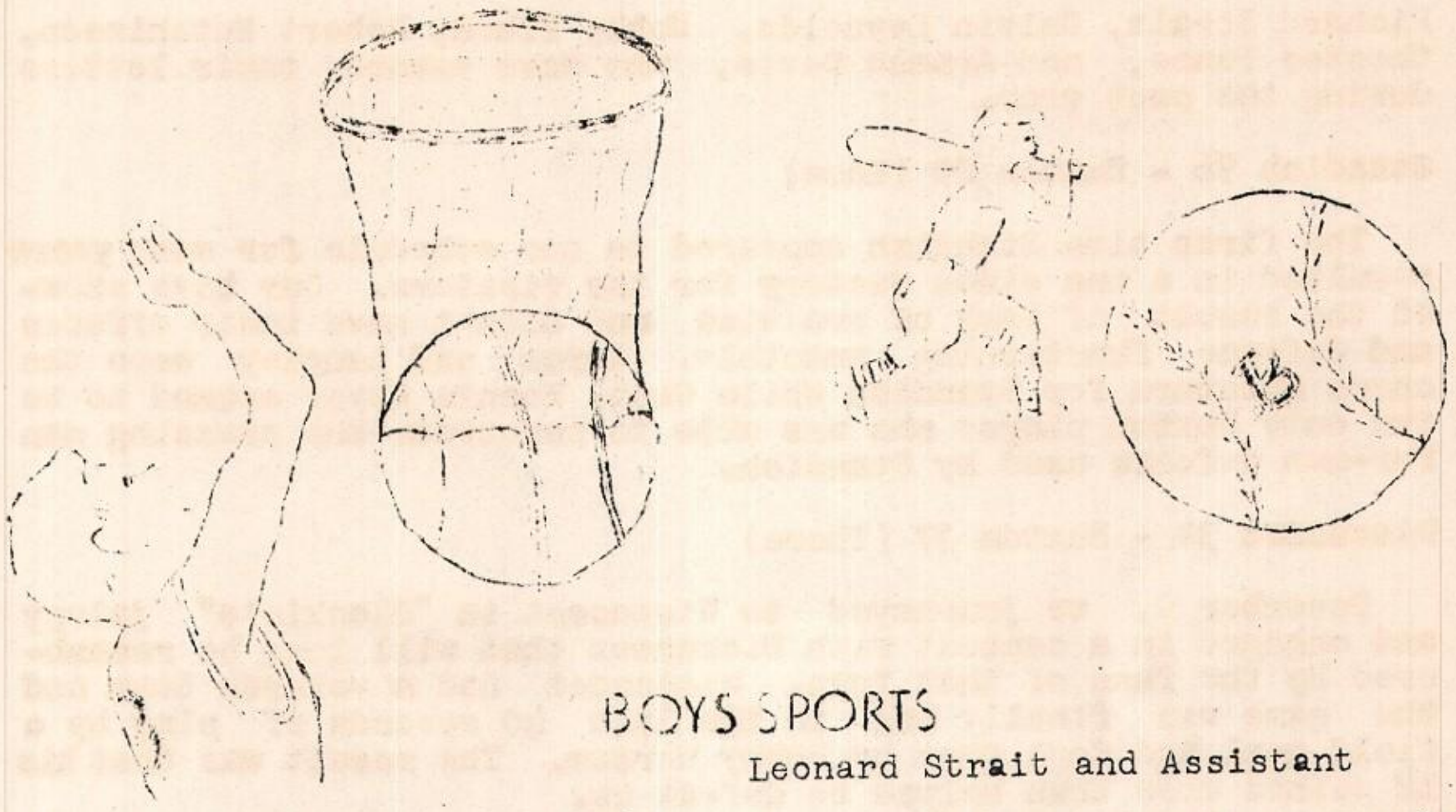
P09-24

Seated, left to right: J. Sargent, A. Owen.
Standing, left to right: D. Waterman, N. Nason, W. Foye, B. Barker, R. Atkinson.

GLEE CLUB

P09-17

First row, left to right: J. Trott, F. Dow, R. Black, W. Foye, R. Gerrish, J. Davis, R. Elwell, A. Townsend, V. Elwell, R. Meyer.
Second row, left to right: R. Atkinson, R. Strait, D. Flynn, J. MacDougall, S. Jordan, L. Strait, W. Sawyer, E. Elwell, J. Sargent, M. Ewing, A. Gannett, H. Fogg.
Third row, left to right: N. Townsend, B. Nason, A. Doughty, C. Bradbury, A. Junkins, J. Tapley, C. Redlon, J. Emery, N. Nason, V. Trott, D. Waterman, L. Junkins.
Fourth row, left to right: E. Pinkham, B. Barker, R. Fogg, H. Wilson, J. Usher, J. Beesley, N. Libby, P. Dow, B. Willey, N. Bean, S. Lamb, N. Tyler, A. Deering.
Fifth row, left to right: J. Randall, R. VanLeer, C. Higgins, D. Ranks, J. Crockett, B. Saindon, I. Davis, B. Pinkham, S. Parsons, R. Harris, M. Dunn, J. O'Haire, A. Owen, D. Dunphy.
Sixth row, left to right: E. Beesley, R. Hutchinson, H. Ranks, B. Roberts, D. Libby, C. Reynolds, S. Libby, L. Rowe, A. Richards, C. Davis, G. Deering.



BOYS SPORTS

Leonard Strait and Assistant

The boys' basketball team of 1952-53 had a most successful season in spite of the fact that four outstanding players of last year's team were graduated in June. Every team we played during the season was loaded with veteran players but---that didn't seem to handicap our team at all.

The candidates were late in starting practice due to the fact that our gymnasium was not completed until early in November. Our first game was not encouraging to the fans and was an overwhelming defeat by Standish, a team that has been playing in a higher bracket.

After that defeat the boys settled down to good hard work and by the end of the season Buxton had won thirteen games out of nineteen played. The games that were lost were by a small margin and a little help from "lady luck" might have decided those games in our favor.

Our new gym has been a valuable asset to the squad because practicing on a large floor enables a team to acquire the finesse and poise that is necessary for any team to win a share of its games. Future teams of Buxton ought to benefit immensely from this wonderful building.

It is hard to give any individual credit for the season's showing but Ronnie Meyer, the captain, was a hard fighting, inspirational leader. He was an ideal team man without any signs of individual playing. It was one of the best fighting teams our high school has produced in years and the boys carried their offensive and defensive assignments nicely in all of their games.

Next year's team ought to be even more successful because the following capable players will be left for a nucleus to build around: Keith Leavitt, Wayne Jose, Charlie Davis, Marvin Ewing,

Richard Strait, Calvin Reynolds, Bobby Black, Robert Hutchinson, Chester Pease, and Arnold Davis, who have earned their letters during the past year.

Standish 56 - Buxton 29 (Home)

The first time Standish appeared on our schedule for many years resulted in a one sided victory for the visitors. Our boys showed the result of lack of practice and didn't have their offense and defense functioning smoothly. Mores and Langley were the sharp shooters for Standish while Capt. Ronnie Meyer seemed to be the only Buxton player who was able to penetrate the pressing man for-man defense used by Standish.

Wiscasset 39 - Buxton 37 (There)

December 9, we journeyed to Wiscasset in "Blackie's" jalopy and engaged in a contest with Wiscasset that will long be remembered by the fans of that town. Wiscasset had a veteran team and the game was finally won in the last 40 seconds of play by a field goal and foul shot by Bobby Hersom. The result was that his 12 points more than helped to defeat us.

Buxton 38 - Cornish 30 (Home

No one gave us a chance to defeat Cornish because we were playing with only one member of last year's championship team available, (Ron Meyer). Cornish did not lose a player from last year's squad and it seemed probable that they would win by at least ten baskets, but due to sharp guarding, and a splendid offense that was beginning to get underway, we were victorious.

Meyer and Leavitt shot for double figures and Big Hutch and Gannett did some masterful guarding. Watkins was Cornish's chief offensive threat.

Buxton 48 - Potter 46 (There)

December 12, we journeyed to Potter Academy and engaged in a hectic game, which we finally won by the very close score. It was more or less of a scoring duel between Capt. Meyer and Sanborn of Potter. The game was won in the last few minutes of play.

Potter 41 - Buxton 30 (Home)

Potter came to Buxton and got sweet revenge on our team by winning the return game. Cobb and their center, Reinhardt, were two thorns in our side all evening, while we had one of those nights when every thing went wrong. Meyer was again our high scorer while the rest of the boys on our team couldn't seem to buy a basket. Our defense was also quite porous. Sanborn, a tricky player, will have to be watched next year!

Buxton 36 - Hollis 32 (There)

Oh! What a game the fans from both towns witnessed December 16. It was one of the sweetest victories that we won during the year.

BOYS BASKETBALL

P09-11

First row, left to right: L. Strait, C. Pease, R. Meyer, K. Leavitt, A. Gannett.
Second row, left to right: Manager, L. Gerrish; G. Deering, R. Hutchinson, C. Reynolds, M. Ewing, W. Jose, C. Davis, R. Black, Coach Stonier, A. Davis.

VARSITY CLUB

P09-21

First row, left to right: J. Emery, B. Nason, V. Trott, N. Nason, J. Tapley, C. Redlon, D. Waterman, A. Doughty, D. Flynn, W. Sawyer.
Second row, left to right: S. Parsons, J. Beesley, J. Sargent, J. MacDougall, N. Libby, N. Townsend, S. Jordan, J. Dunn, N. Tyler, E. Elwell.
Third row, left to right: D. Dunphy, B. Barker, R. Harris, A. Owen, C. Higgins, D. Ranks, R. VanLeer.
Fourth row, left to right: R. Meyer, A. Davis, W. Jose, R. Hutchinson, C. Reynolds, S. Libby, K. Leavitt, A. Gannett, C. Pease, G. Deering, H. Fogg, R. Black.
Fifth row, left to right: C. Davis, R. Pinkham, M. Ewing, L. Strait, R. Strait, B. Roberts, L. Rowe, R. Elwell, L. Gerrish.

Hollis was loaded with four veteran players left over from last year's team. We would have been satisfied before the game with a victory by our girls. Pease, who had previously "set it out" was placed in the line-up and electrified the fans by his superior offensive and defensive plays. He hit for 10 points during the evening and has not been out of the line-up since. Capt. Meyer and Leavitt were towers of strength for our cause. Hollis put up a good fight but were weak on the foul line.

Casco 71 - Buxton 59 (Home)

It seemed as if every team we met this year was sprinkled with veteran players and Casco was no exception. We had previously met Rolfe and Tripp twice and they always gave us trouble. They are both tall, rugged boys, and it was almost impossible to guard against their hook and jump shots; but our boys fought their hearts out. We matched them basket for basket until the last three minutes. Excellent sportsmanship was shown and the game was a humdinger.

Buxton 39 - Limington 23 (Home)

This game was more or less of a breather for our boys after having played hectic games with Standish, Casco and Wiscasset. The weather was bad and the attendance was poor and this seemed to re-act against the playing of both teams.

Our defense was properly set up during this game and it was impossible for the boys of Limington to penetrate it.

Buxton 55 - Limerick 40 (There)

Our boys were hitting on all four cylinders January 13 when we journeyed to Limerick to play in their small hall. We all thought that our team would be handicapped by the small playing surface but Leavitt, Meyer and L. Strait had their eye that night and dumped in 18, 11, and 17 points respectively.

Buxton 45 - Cornish 39 (There)

This game was hard fought and it was defense and the excellent offensive work of Meyer, Leavitt, and Strait enabled us to pile up the score. Watkins and Day kept Cornish in the thick of the fight and their defense was the best that we encountered during the whole year. It was a blessing that Ronnie had a good night because Cornish was a difficult team to beat; besides, they were the best coached team in our league.

Buxton 56 - Limerick 29 (Here)

The return game with Limerick here on our home court found the visiting team badly outclassed. Limerick was handicapped due to two of her star players being ineligible. Every one in the Buxton squad had an opportunity to demonstrate his ability as a basketball player. This game gave the coach a chance to use some of next year's squad.

continued

Meyer as usual dominated the offense and Pease, Gannett and Hutchinson plugged all of the leaks in the offense. Candage and Patterson shot well for Limerick and were in the game every minute.

Casco 68 - Buxton 64 (There)

Another game that was an excellent exhibition of offense but the defense of both teams was woefully weak. Buxton by all rights ought to have won this return game for we were leading by four points with about three minutes of the game remaining. It must have been an act of Providence that the floor became so moist that time-out was called to mop it up. It was a lucky break for Casco as it gave Jim Rolfe an opportunity to have a rest period which he was badly in need of. After time was in again Rolfe caught on fire and went on to win the game for Casco.

Standish 63 - Buxton 49 (There)

Buxton showed the results of a hectic season's play when they met Standish and were unable to stand up under the torrid pace set by the home team. In spite of Ronnie Meyers 25 points we came out on the short end of the score.

Buxton 41 - Limington 26 (There)

This game looked like an upset victory for Limington for Buxton only led by one point after the first half. After a little pep talk during the halves our boys came out with fire in their eyes and proceeded to go to town during the last half. This game established Buxton as champions of the York division of the Cumberland-York Small School's Conference.

Buxton 49 - New Gloucester 46 (Home)

February 2, New Gloucester came to Buxton for an exhibition game with our team. These New Gloucester's gave us all the basketball that we wanted for one evening and then some.

Leone, a whirling dervish, who continually scored from the bucket; Coates, a fancy shot in around the basket, forced us into an overtime period before we finally won.

Leavitt and Meyer scored 32 of our 49 points and Leavitt did a good job in guarding Leone. Every one wondered why such a splendid team as New Gloucester had, didn't finish higher in the league standing.

Buxton 36 - Hollis 19 (Home)

Oh! What a climax when Hollis came to our gym for our return game. Over six-hundred fans present. (Proceeds to Seniors for their Washington Trip.) The score was very close during the first half but as was the case during the entire season, Hollis seemed to lose steam during the last period and fell by the wayside.
Buxton 59 Casco 56, giving us trophy for Cumb-York S. S. Tourney.

BASEBALL PICTURE

223-25

Standing, left to right: Coach, J. Stonier; T. Pinkham, R. Black, B. Roberts, R. Pinkham, V. Elwell, R. Elwell.
Crouched, left to right: R. Strait, C. Davis, L. Strait, K. Leavitt, C. Pease, H. Fogg.

TRACK PICTURE

223-26

Standing, left to right: Coach W. Gillette and Coach P. Johnson.
Crouched, left to right: D. Berry, L. Rowe, L. Gerrish, K. Leavitt, S. Libby, G. Deering, R. Meyer, A. Gannett, C. Davis.

POINT SUMMARY

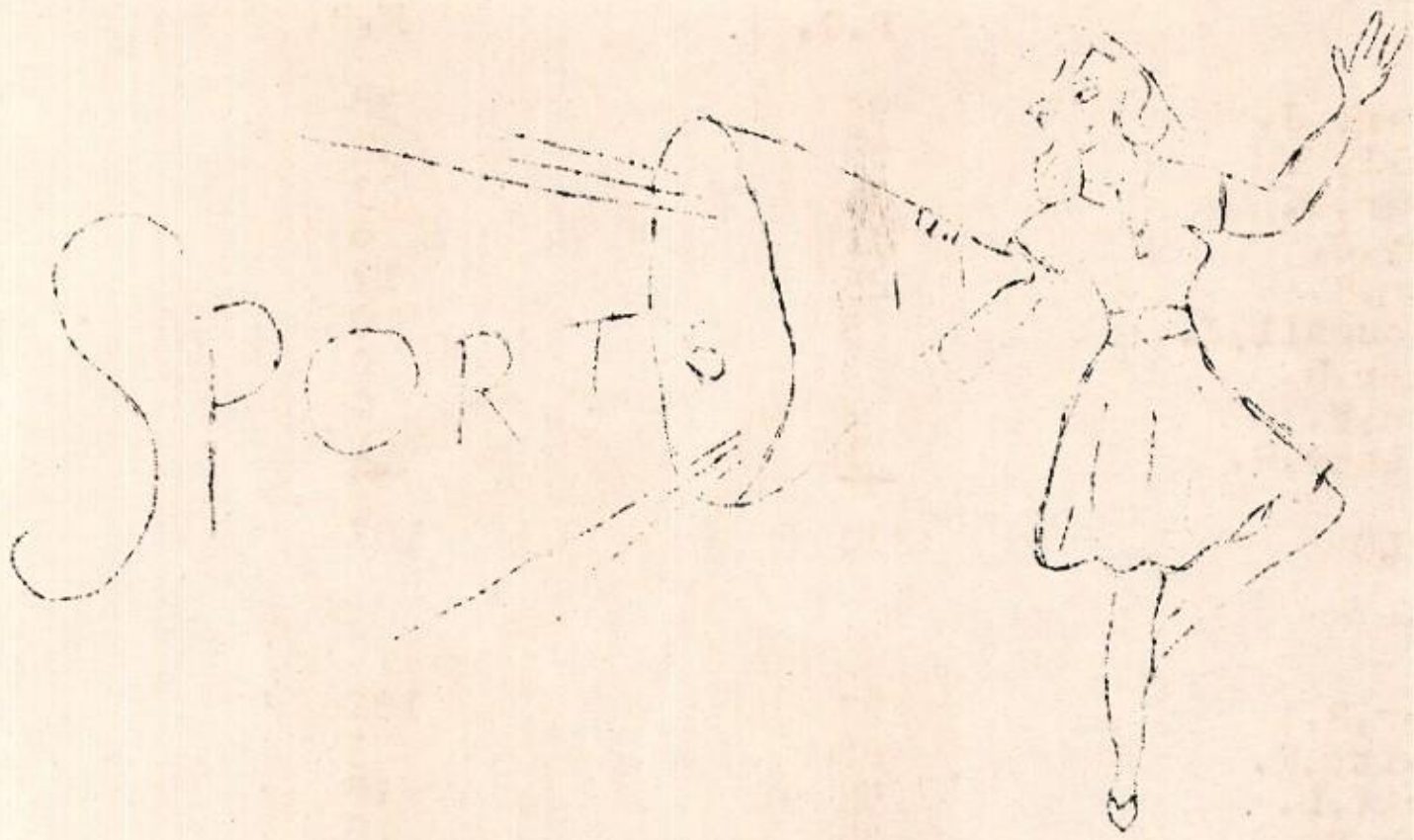
GIRLS NAME	F.G.	F.S.	TOTAL
Sargent,J.	95	38	228
Elwell,E.	88	32	208
Sawyer,W.	34	23	91
Emery,J.	41	6	88
Nason,B.	25	13	63
MacDougall,J.	3	0	6
Barker,B.	3	0	6
Nason,N.	2	0	4
Van Leer,R.	1	1	3
TOTALS	270	107	648
BOYS			
Meyer,R.	87	102	276
Leavitt,K.	68	23	159
Strait,L.	54	18	126
Pease,C.	34	18	86
Gannett,A.	10	16	36
Hutchinson,R.	9	11	29
Jose,W.	7	5	19
Strait,R.	4	1	9
Ewing,M.	2	4	8
Black,R.	3	1	7
Deering,G.	1	0	2
Reynolds,C.	0	1	1
TOTALS	279	200	758

Buxton 59 - Casco 56

The final game of the tournament! The gym at Potter Academy was packed to the rafters and even those were filled with people. At the end of the first period we were leading by one point. In the second one, Charlie Tripp, while putting the ball in play threw a bad pass to the other end of the court that hit the net and sent the crowd into an uproar. This brought them out in front and they remained there until the half. In the third quarter we surged ahead for the second time and were leading at the end of the period. During the fourth quarter as the tension was rising, they were within one point of tieing the score. Then we forged forward to win the Cumberland-York Small School Championship.

We were not chosen for the State Tourney but I have no hard feelings on that subject. Our team "that wasn't going to win a game," came from behind to win the first place trophy in the newly formed league.

The rest of the team joins with me congratulating our coach, Mr. James Stonier, on his efforts to mould this team together. Without his help and knowledge we might have finished where it was said we would.



GIRLS ATHLETICS

CHEERLEADING

Sometime in October a group of girls decided to give cheerleading a try. We asked Mrs. Stonier to be our Advisor. At our first meeting, we requested volunteers to come out for practice. Seven girls answered the call, but it was impossible to use girls who wanted to play on the basketball squad because our practice hours conflicted. This reduced our members to five. It was at this meeting we decided to wear black skirts, white blouses, sneakers and socks. We ordered black wool skirts from Portland but they were too late for the first game.

After several practice periods and much talk, we appeared at the Alumni game for our first real cheerleading. Our posture was poor and our voices not always in unison but we knew we would and could improve with time. Of course we were new at this business of cheering and were somewhat frightened. By the time we played Cornish our new skirts had arrived so we sallied forth in like costumes---and with more confidence.

Not long after this one of our number dropped out leaving us, to carry on, with the following: Donna Dumphy, Alberta Doughty, Claudia Higgins and Norma Libby.

The spirit of the spectators has helped our enthusiasm and we hope that cheerleading will continue to be a success in the coming years at B. H. S.

Norma Libby '55

CHEERLEADERS

P09-7

First row, left to right: A. Doughty, D. Dunphy.
Second row, left to right: N. Libby, C. Higgins, Advisor, G. Stonier.

BASKETBALL GIRLS

P09-2

Seated, left to right: J. Emery, B. Nason, S. Jordan, J. Sargent, E. Elwell, W. Sawyer.
Second row, left to right: R. VanLeer, J. Tapley, N. Nason, A. Owen, Mgr., C. Redlon, A. Junkins, R. Harris.
Third row, left to right: J. Usher, B. Willey, H. Wilson, N. Townsend, D. Waterman, Coach, Stonier; V. Trott, D. Flynn, J. MacDougall, B. Barker, N. Tyler, R. Fogg.

BUXTON WINS FIRST BATTLE 37-29

The Buxton High gals win their first victory with a 37-29 lead over the Alumni. Jacky Sargent was hot shot of the evening with 20 points for the victors.

BUXTON BOWS TO STANDISH 32-20

The Buxton Sextette lose their second game of the season to Standish.

BUXTON TAKES CORNISH 24-20

Led by Liz Elwell's 15 points the Buxton lassies defeated Cornish.

WISCASSET OUTSCORES BUXTON 45-29

The Wiscasset hoopsters downed Buxton.

POTTER SWAMPS BUXTON 43-28

The Potter Academy Sextette takes the visitors.

BUXTON DOWNS RIVALS 38-21

Led by Jacky Sargent's spectacular 23 points the Buxton girls defeat the Hollis hoopsters.

BUXTON THROWS CASCO 38-31

The Buxton Varsity outclass the Casco troop in their first meet of the season.

LIMINGTON TAKES BUXTON 27-24

Limington's Braley and Buxton's Liz Elwell led their teams through a bang up game with 13 and 12 respectively.

LIMERICK WALLOPS BUXTON 58-48

The Limerick Sextette really popped baskets the last quarter to defeat Buxton.

BUXTON DROPS TO CORNISH 48-44

Buxton dropped her second game of the season with Cornish.

STANDISH OUTCLASSES BUXTON 48-34

We lost - true - but no disgrace. This was an undefeated team throughout the season.

BUXTON AGAIN THROWS CASCO 53-37

Buxton Hoopsters reap a victory over the Casco Six.

LIMINGTON DEFEATS BUXTON 39-30

Mrs. Brown's girls did it again! Winnie Sawyer played a nice game and turned in 10 points toward our thirty.

BUXTON SWAMPS LIMERICK 56-39

Joan Emery's 21 points give the Buxton Hoopsters a satisfactory margin for a strong win.

BUXTON BOWS TO NEW CLOUCESTER 40-38

Tied in the third quarter 28 up, the New Gloucester hoopsters go ahead in the final quarter to defeat Buxton 40-38. Joan Emery and Betsy Nason were our "stars" for this game.

BUXTON DEFEATS HOLLIS 41-23

Buxton takes Hollis in last game of season and Joan Emery shines again as a forward. Barb Matthews scored highest for the opposition.

BENEFIT GAME
LIMINGTON DOWNS BUXTON 39-35

BUXTON HEART FUND

Buxton ahead in the third quarter 30-25, bows to Limington.

SPRING

Of all the seasons that we have,
The one I like is spring,
With all the birds and flowers bright,
Green grass and everything.

To hear the crickets and the frogs,
To hear the south wind sigh,
The scent of mayflowers on the breeze,
And the hues of an April sky.

To hear the song of the meadow lark
And a soaring hawk's wild cry.
And at night as the sun is setting
Behind yon distant hill,
You can hear the whippoorwill sing
And then you know for sure 'tis spring.

The Bard of the Back Nippin Road,-
Bobby Black '55

GOD

God watches in the sky all day,
While little angels sit and play.
He made the green trees and the flowers
Told the world that they were ours.

He made the ocean's boundless waves,
He made the rocks and rills.
The shimmering lake, deepened caves,
The mountains and hills.

Freshmen Reception - September 1952

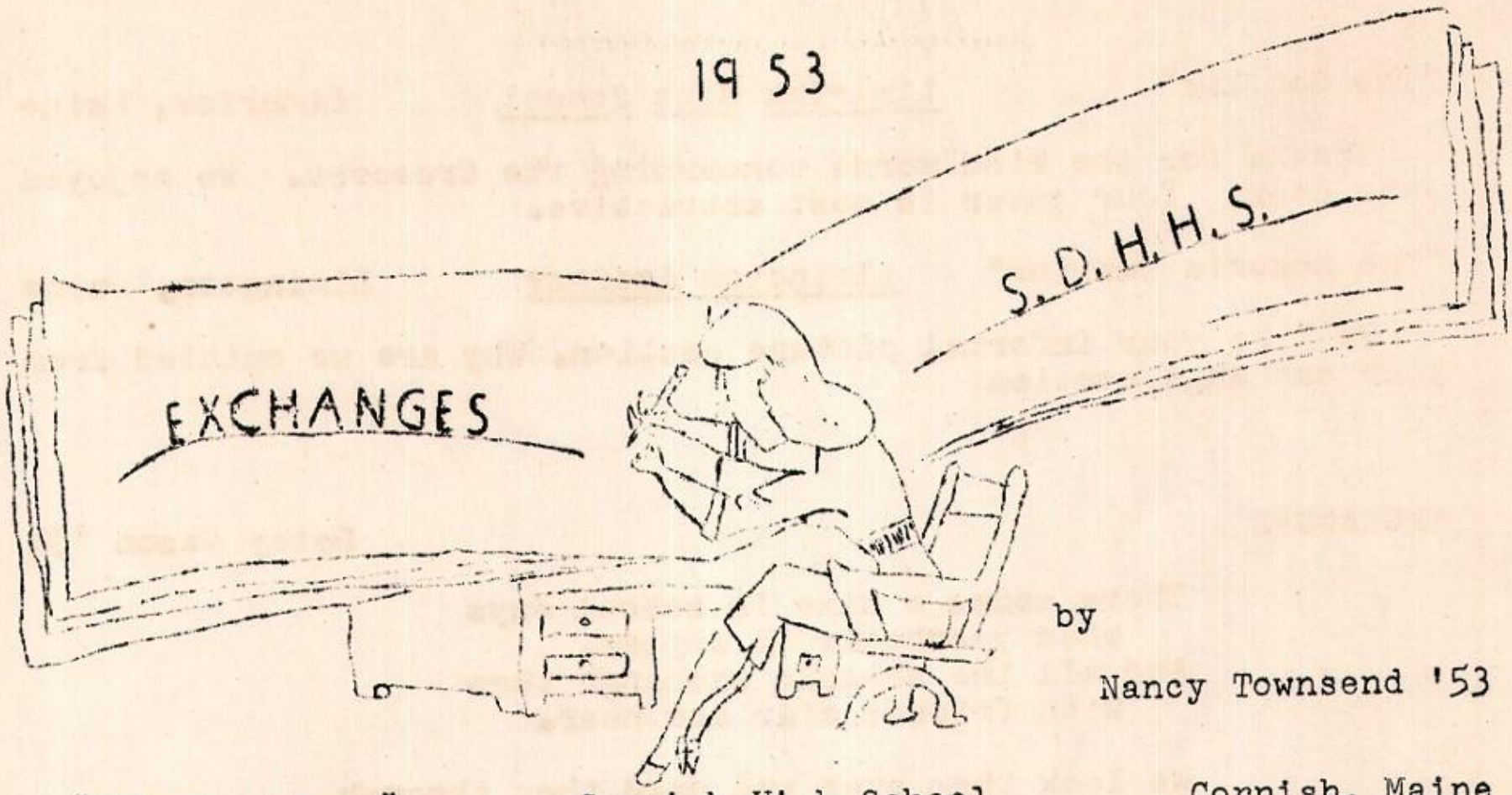
Did we really look like this

When boys are like girls and girls are ?

It's Fun

Our Heroes

1953



by

Nancy Townsend '53

"The Pine Cone" Cornish High School Cornish, Maine

An attractive looking yearbook. Why do you separate your ads? We prefer them in one section.

"Quito" Casco High School Casco, Maine

Your book is exceptionally well done. The bold black print draws attention. May we suggest though, that you write more about your music course and how about a page for the kids who excel in extra curricular activities?

"The Outlook" Porter High School Kezar Falls, Maine

A swell yearbook. We think your snapshot pages are slick. How about write-ups on your peppy looking cheerleaders?

"The Signet" N. H. Fay High School Dexter, Maine

This is an excellent book. We believe a few poems in your literary section would add spice.

"The Crimson Rambler" Standish High School Sebago Lake, Maine

The individual class write-ups are clever. Subscriptions on your snapshot pictures would make them more interesting to other schools.

"The Clarion" Oxford High School Oxford, Maine

A splendid alumni section. Why not use coarser print?

"The Northland" Washburn High School Washburn, Maine

We like your Administration Section and the unique ad section.

"The Sokokis" Limerick High School Limerick, Maine

Thanks for the kind words concerning the Crescent. We enjoyed your book. Your cover is most attractive.

"The Sokokis Warrior" Limington Academy Limington, Maine

We like your informal picture section. Why are we omitted from your exchange section?

EXCHANGES

Betsy Nason '54

There comes a time in school days
when yearbooks do appear,
And all the schools exchange them
with friends afar and near.

We look them over and read them through
with careful, eager eyes.....
The sports, the jokes and anecdotes
are all well criticized?????

ALERT

Bradley Waterman '54

The little puppy,
brown and white,
Stole out of the yard
in the midst of the night.

He had heard a noise
down the block,
So he went to fetch
the local cop.

He found the cop
wrapped up in slumber
On a doorstep
612 was the number.

He woke the cop
from a peaceful dream.
That instant there came
a woman's scream.

They both closed in
to make the snatch,
And who got the praise?
Why the cop did---natch!!

A TREE

Barbara Barker '54

It rose above our troubled world
With beauty unsurpassed.
Her graceful limbs which reached so high
Bowed toward the earth at last.

Like a queen she stood aloft
O'er her subjects glancing,
Time, endurance, strength and peace
To all she symbols something.

For many years she's stood up there
So high upon the hill.
No man could have created her
Only the hand of skill.

NO SNOW

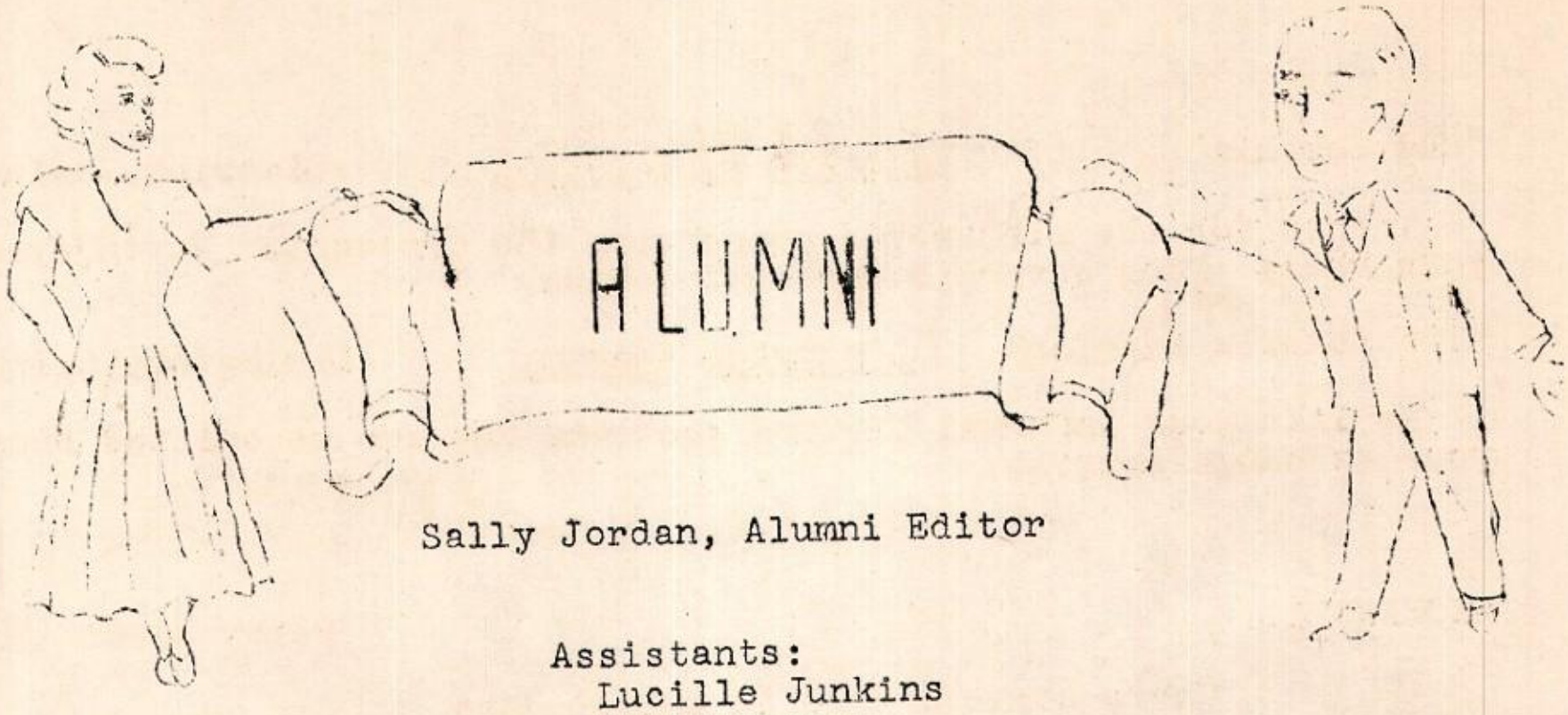
*****

Norma Libby '55

This January is most like June,
We hope that spring will be here soon,
But don't be fooled-not me-not you,
Remember February fifty-two?

That January was much like now,
Not a speck of snow on any bough,
But February blustered by,
With drifts of snow that touched the sky.

****



Sally Jordan, Alumni Editor

Assistants:
Lucille Junkins
Nancy Bean

ALUMNI

This section is devoted to Alumni
Former graduates of Buxton High.
We did the very best we could
To make this work especially good.

Sally hunted high and low
For all the names we didn't know.
If mistakes you find we've made
Please report and give us aid.

Ginnie Trott '53

ALUMNI OFFICERS

PRESIDENT--Merton Waterman
VICE-PRESIDENT--Alan Lang
TREASURER--Margaret Jose
SECRETARY--Freda Berry

'52 (Continued)
Charles T. Snell, Orono, University of Maine
Robert W. Deering, Buxton, emp. by Jack Straw
Ronald C. Berry, Bar Mills, Maine

REPORT OF ALUMNI SECTION

'22
Eliza Waterman-Davis, New York, housewife
Leona Edwards-Durgin, Kittery, housewife
Alice Carl-Cousens, Bar Mills, teacher
F. Elmer Boothby, deceased
Gwelma Hill-Pederson, Massachusetts, housewife
Austin G. Gorham, Salmon Falls, emp. Baker Ice, Windham
Justin S. Merril, Bar Mills, emp. Rogers Fibre Company

'23
Lawrence A. Fogg, Salmon Falls, Supt. of Schools, Sterling, Mass
Madeline Morton-Green, Philips, housewife
Joseph W. Warren, West Buxton, emp. Fisher Body Company, Michigan
Arthur C. Haley, Unity, Maine
Max F. Davis, West Buxton, emp. Central Maine Power Company
Earl C. Paine, Portland, Maine
Arthur L. Towle, Bar Mills, emp. Carter Brothers, Portland
Dorothy E. Holt, Boston, Massachusetts, emp. Goodyear Company
George A. Elwell, West Buxton, emp. Central Maine Power Company
Philip F. Rowe, Hollis, Frozen Food, and Oil Business
Jennie Waterman-Davis, New York, housewife

'24
Hazel Harmon-Gallant, Gorham, housewife
Wilbur H. Dunn, Hollis, emp. Saco Lowell, Saco
Mildred Harmon-Weeks, Wells, housewife
Norman J. Fogg, Salmon Falls, emp. Saco Lowell, Saco
Florence Davis-Marshall, Massachusetts, housewife

'25
Wenonah Atkinson-Bean, Elsinore, California, housewife
Abbie Andrews-Record, South Lancaster, Massachusetts, housewife
Freda Berry, Buxton, teacher
Roy S. Dixon, Burns, Oregon, Sheep-ranching
Irene Haley-Tarbox, Boston, housewife
Velma Holt-Harmon, Bar Mills, housewife
Mary A. Merrill, Buxton Center
Lillian Peck-Fogg, Salmon Falls, housewife
Cora M. Soule, Portland, nurse at Maine General Hospital

'26
Leona Haley-Knight, Brunswick, housewife
Robert M. Hill, Scarboro
Edna M. Hulit, Groveille
Reginald B. Gerrish, Bar Mills, self-employed
Bessie Rankin-Merrill, Duck Pond, housewife
Elton L. Stevens, New York, undertaker
Mildred Towle-Tilson, Roxbury, Connecticut, housewife
Louise Waterman-Wells, Gardner, Massachusetts, housewife

'27
Yola Turner-Scruton, address unknown
Olive Warren-Libby, deceased
Lenora Parker-Waterman, Groveille, housewife

Giula Turner-Mueller, address unknown
Elva Hutchins-Bartlett, South Berwick, housewife
H. Kenneth Smith, Sebego Lake, emp. Massachusetts
Elsie Fogg-Dyke, South Portland, housewife
Mabel Harmon-Campbell, Mechanic Falls, housewife

'28

Adelbert O. Townsend, Buxton, emp. Saco Lowell, Saco
Bernice Rowe-Harmon, Steep Falls, housewife
Harry E. Dean, St. Petersburg, Florida, emp. Nichols Brothers
John H. Waterman, John Day, Oregon, mechanic
Maud Parker-Smith, Bar Mills, housewife
Charles P. Cole, Portland, emp. Burnham & Morrill Company

'29

Harry R. Tyler, Buxton Center, teacher at Cape Elizabeth
Lois Townsend-Willis, Gorham, housewife
Philip B. Atkinson, Bar Mills, emp. Central Maine Power Company
Viola Rounds-Wells, Saco, housewife
Ernestine Parker-Redlon, West Buxton, teacher
Lenora E. Berry, Buxton, teacher at Saco
Leah Bradeen-Wakefield, Hollis, housewife
Charles E. Dixon, Wallowa, Oregon, trucking business
Mabel Holt-Towle, Parsonsfield, housewife
Annie Parker-Cousens, Westbrook, housewife
Nellie Parker-Pushard, Freeport, housewife

'39

Harold L. Brackett, Coast Guard
Doris Cousens-Stack, South Portland, housewife
Robert L. Ehrenborg, West Buxton, emp. Saco Lowell, Saco
Allan P. Hague, Groveville, farming
Ralph D. Haley, West Buxton, emp. Baker Ice, Windham
Jeanne Jewett-Murphy, Newton, Massachusetts, housewife
Coralie Lawler-Lothrop, Scarboro, housewife
Kenneth W. Owen, Saco, Central Maine Power Company
Cyrus B. Palmer, Bar Mills, emp. by Henry Snell
George M. Pease, Boston, Engineer with Tel. & Tel. Company
Merton K. Sargent, Bar Mills, emp. New England Tel. & Tel. Co.
Mary Smith-MacMinn, New York, emp. Munsingwear Inc.
Harold C. Smith, West Buxton, postmaster
Earnest H. Stevens, Portland, emp. King Cole Company
Barbara Thomas-Roberts, Goodwins Mills, housewife

'52

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Rita Gerrish-Black, Bar Mills, housewife
Constance Hutchinson-Smith, Bar Mills, housewife
Doris Pinkham-Littlefield, Westbrook, housewife
Pauline Pease-Gerrish, West Buxton, housewife
Anna L. Junkins, Parsonsfield, Maine
James L. Eaton, Bar Mills, Maine
Philip I. Nason, Bar Mills, Maine
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Advisor and Crescent Staff

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NO POE
By Arnold Davis '55

At writing poetry, I am dumb
My brain won't work, it just goes
numb.
Read this poem, You will know it.

Why did teacher give this lesson,
Worry me, and kept me guessin'?
I'm not Whittier; not a Poe!
After this, she ought to know!

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Joseph Henry Jackson is inventor of a game that calls for "place names" particularly suited to the states in which they are located. Examples: Shapeless, Mass.; Oola, La.; Goodness, Me.; Income, Tex.; Deathly, Ill.; Hittor, Miss.; Praise, Ala.; Coco, Cola.; Proan, Conn.; Farmerina, Del.; Inert, Mass.; Hezmakinize-time, Pa.

****

Horace Greeley had a long-standing feud with a rival New York editor. Said gentleman once boasted to a banquet audience, "Greeley had every advantage as a boy. I, on the other hand, am purely a self-made man."

Greeley jumped to his feet and declared, "My worthy colleague has just relieved the Almighty of a terrific responsibility."

****

Schoolteacher: "Tommy, if I lay one egg on the table and two on the chair, how many will I have altogether?"
Tommy: "Personally, I don't think you can do it."

****

I sneezed a sneeze into the air,
It fell to earth I know not where.
But hard and froze were the looks of those
In whose vicinity I snooze.

****

"Twas in a restaurant they met
Brave Romeo and Juliet
He had no cash to pay his debt
So Romeo'd what Juli'et.

****

"If you refuse me," vowed the ardent swain on bended knee, "I shall die." She refused him, and seventy-two years later he died.

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